

FAME & FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF BOYS THAT MAKE MONEY.



DICK, THE RUNAWAY
OR THE TREASURE OF THE ISLE OF FOG
By A Self-Made Man

Peering around a rock, the young castaway gazed upon the spot where the light of the lantern threw the intruders into partial relief. To his astonishment, one of them was emptying a keg of gold coin into a hole.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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DICK, THE RUNAWAY

Or, THE TREASURE OF THE ISLE OF FOG

BY A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—Dick the Runaway.

"Bust my b'iler, if this isn't Dick Howard!" cried a tall, lank, freckled-faced youth, rather shabbily dressed, slapping a good-looking and neatly dressed boy of eighteen years on the shoulder as he stood looking in at the door of a saloon which, in its way, was a kind of marine museum.

That saloon stood at the head of Meiggs' Wharf, at North Beach, San Francisco, years ago, and the events of this story happened about that time.

"Why, hello, Sam! Is that you?" ejaculated Dick Howard, in surprise.

"Bet your life it's me! What are you doing in 'Frisco?"

For a moment Dick looked confused, then he said:

"The fact is, Sam, I've done what I threatened to do—run away from home."

"The dickens you have!" exclaimed Sam. "Well, I don't blame you. That stepfather of yours, Mr. Sankey, handled you without gloves."

"Yes, you know how he treated me. You worked on the farm this spring and saw how he acted towards me. You remember we had many a talk together about it, and you encouraged me to light out."

"I know I did. I wouldn't have stood for half what you did."

"Maybe you would if you had been in my place. You're used to being out in the world and are always changing about, but it was a serious step for me to take, because I've always been used to a home. There's a limit to everything, however, and that limit was reached with me the other day when Mr. Sankey taunted me with my dependence upon him. That was the last straw. I decided to run away then and there, no matter what happened to me, and I did."

"You came straight to 'Frisco, eh?"

"No. I have a particular friend living in Stockton, and I stopped with him for a few days. I arrived here a few hours ago and have been strolling about the water-front, figuring on my future."

"What hotel did you put up at?"

"None as yet. I shall look up some cheap place after I have my supper."

"If you want a cheap place try the Eureka Lodging House, on Commercial street, where I'm stopping. You can get a room by yourself for four bits a day, or if you want to save half of that you can bunk in with me."

"I'd just as soon take a room with you, now that I've met you, as not."

"All right. We'll go around there by and by. You've been in the city before, haven't you?"

"Yes, about a year ago. Mr. Sankey came down to some kind of a religious convention, and as a great favor, he said, but really because he wanted my company, he brought me along."

"It's a wonder he was willing to pay your hotel bill and traveling expenses. He struck me as being awfully close with his money."

"What are you doing?"

"Me? Nothing, or I wouldn't be hanging around Meiggs' Wharf at this time of the day. I've given up farming so I came here to see what I could pick up. I haven't picked anything up so far. I think I'll go to sea if I can find any captain who will take me."

"Go to sea! I've heard that's a dog's life. Poor pay, poor food and plenty of hard work and hard knocks."

"You run up against them on shore at times. I know I have. I was talking to a sailor who belongs to the ship *Salamanca*, which has just finished loading at Clay Street Wharf and will haul out into the stream to-morrow or next day, and he said I'd find a lift on the briny a lot better than kicking about on shore. He looked me over and said I was a likely looking young chap and would make a good sailor. If I wanted to sign for a voyage to Sydney, on board the *Salamanca*, he thought he could arrange it with the skipper."

"Have you an idea of taking him up?"

"I haven't made up my mind yet."

"Well, Sam, I'm feeling hungry. Want to eat with me?"

"I don't mind if you're flush enough to stand a two-bit spread."

"I've got a few dollars in my clothes that I brought away with me. It is all I did bring, because I couldn't fetch even a grip away from the house without my stepfather getting wind of it. I shall have to buy myself what I need, and a grip to put them in. Is there a restaurant around here?"

"There's an eating-house across the street. I got my dinner there to-day. I guess it's a sort of sailor's boarding-house. The meal I got there for two-bits was bang-up—better than most restaurants that I've patronized in town."

"We'll go in there, then. Any place that serves a decent meal is good enough for me," said Dick.

The sign above the door read: "Moses Abbott, Proprietor."

A small, tin sign, projecting outward, said: "Meals at all hours."

The boys entered the place, which faced upon Meiggs' Wharf, and was, as Simpson had intimated, a sailors' boarding-house.

It was a frame building, and the second and third floors were partitioned off into small rooms, unfinished, each containing a cot, a stool, a cheap washstand and a shelf under a cheap looking-glass. The ground floor consisted of an oblong room fitted with a small bar near the door, and about eight small tables surrounded by chairs. A sailor stood at the bar, with a glass before him, talking to the proprietor, who, in his shirt-sleeves, was behind it. Half a dozen other maritime-looking men were seated at two of the tables, playing cards. At a table by himself, in a corner, sat a surly looking chap who also had the flavor of the sea about him. The boys seated themselves at the nearest unoccupied table to the door. The usual barroom screen cut off the interior of the room and its occupants from the street. The proprietor came over and asked them what they wanted.

"I s'pose we can have something to eat?" said Sam. "Your sign says meals at all hours."

"Yes. You can have steak and onions and potatoes, or ham and eggs, or eggs any style without the ham, or bacon with eggs, or you can have veal cutlets. Any of these, served with coffee and bread and butter, for two-bits," said Abbott.

The boys gave their orders and the proprietor went into the kitchen to see that they were executed. The sailors at the two tables looked at the boys, inquisitively, particularly Dick, who seemed out of place there. The surly looking fellow in the corner saw them, too, and he seemed especially interested in Dick. After watching them a while he got up and walked over to a printed hand-bill that was hanging against the wall near the bar. He took it down and, returning to his seat, began studying it. As he conned it over he looked at Dick. In due time the boys were served by the landlord with the cooked wishes, and began eating with hearty appetites. It was while he was satisfying his hunger that Dick first noticed the eyes of the solitary sailor fixed upon him with a malicious scowl. He didn't relish the fellow's look and turned his eyes away. Before the boys finished their meal the sailors left the place in a bunch, after stopping at the bar a few minutes for a drink. The man who had been engaged with the proprietor had left some time before, so that the only persons left in the room besides the boys were Abbott and the surly looking ruffian in the corner. The proprietor went into the kitchen for some purpose just as the boys got up and walked to the bar to settle for their meal. The surly fellow in the corner who had been watching his chance, got up and came forward. He confronted Dick with a malicious grin and said, with a hiccough:

"Lookin' for a chance to ship, my hearty?"

"Me? Not much!" replied Dick, regarding him with aversion.

"I say ye are!" said the man, in an ugly tone.

"You're mistaken," answered the boy, in a conciliatory tone, for he saw the chap wanted to be disagreeable.

"Ye can't fool me, sonny. I know you," he said, meaningly.

"You know me! Why, I never saw you before."

"Mebbe not, but I've got your number," and he laughed in a thick, malicious way.

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean I've caught ye."

"Caught me!"

"Ay! ay! I've got ye by the heels, and I'm goin' to turn ye over to the police and earn the reward."

"Say, are you crazy? Who do you take me for?" cried Dick, almost angrily.

"Who? Why, Richard Howard, of course, who else?" and he chuckled maliciously when he observed Dick's look of surprise on being called by name by this stranger.

Sam also looked his astonishment.

"Who are you? And how is it that you know me? I have no recollection of you."

"Want to know me, do ye? Well, my name is Bill Hicks. Want to know how I spotted ye? Read that," and the sailor shoved the hand-bill under Dick's nose.

It was headed in big gothic type, "\$50 reward."

Then followed in large, heavy-faced antique: "The above reward will be paid by the undersigned for information that will lead to the apprehension of my stepson, Richard Howard, who ran away from his home in Napa Valley on September 6, and is believed to be in San Francisco."

A paragraph in still smaller type gave an accurate description of Dick and the clothes he had on. The hand-bill was signed by Ebenezer Sankkey, who gave his address, care of Mrs. Manson, No. — Post street.

When Dick finished reading the bill he found the triumphant gaze of Bill Hicks fixed upon him.

"I reckon I've got ye dead to rights, sonny," said the sailor. "If ye've got fifty dollars in yer pocket ye kin buy me off and go yer way, otherwise I'm goin' to earn that fifty by handin' ye over to the police."

It was rather hard on Dick to find himself up against such a predicament. However, Dick was too plucky a boy to yield without a struggle, be the odds what they might. Sam had by this time recovered his self-possession.

"Slap your money on the bar and run. I'll meet you somewhere outside," he said.

"No, ye don't, sonny!" cried the sailor, who heard Sam's suggestion. "Ye aren't goin' to give me the slip by no means."

He reached out his bronzed and hairy hand to grasp Dick, but the boy eluded him, and tossing his quarter to Sam, started for the door. With an imprecation, Hicks rushed after him and Dick had to alter his course to avoid capture. The sailor was more nimble than one would have supposed from his figure. Dick ran around the table at which he had eaten his meal. Hicks made a bluff to follow and then dashed in the opposite direction. Before Dick detected the sailor's ruse he saw he was trapped and would be caught. Feeling desperate at the idea of being returned to his stepfather via the police, he struck out at the sailor's jaw with all his might. Hicks caught the full force of the blow, which he wasn't expecting, and he went down on the floor with a heavy crash, pulling the table, with all the dishes

on it, over with him, and lay like a log, without the slightest motion.

CHAPTER II.—In Bad Hands.

Abbott, the proprietor of the house, entered the room as Dick delivered the knockout blow that put the sailor to sleep. He rushed forward and seized the boy as he stood somewhat bewildered at what he had accomplished.

"What does this mean, you young rascal?" cried Abbott.

"Nothing, except I've given that fellow what was coming to him," replied Dick, recovering his self-possession.

"You've killed the man, so I'll have to hold on to you till I hand you over to a policeman," said the proprietor, who at the moment thought Bill Hicks was dead. The sailor certainly looked as if he had passed in his checks, to use the expression. Two sailors entered at that moment, just as Dick struggled to escape, and Sam grabbed Abbott by the arms. The proprietor called on the sailors, who were lodgers of his, to help him secure the boys.

"One of these chaps has knocked out Bill Hicks—killed him for all I know—look at him, as stiff as a corpse," said the landlord. "Lay hold of this other lad."

The sailors grabbed Sam. The boys were hustled out into the alley through a side door, pushed into the yard and locked up in the woodshed. The men then went back to see if there was any life in Hicks. They found him sitting up, looking around in a dazed way.

"So you're not dead, Bill?" said Abbott.

"What happened to me?" hiccupped the sailor, who was more drunk than ever, the shock having sent the fumes of the liquor to his head.

"Don't you remember?" asked the landlord.

Hicks remembered nothing. The landlord told him about the row with the boys, but he had forgotten the matter and could not recall what had led up to it, if such a thing had happened. They sat him in a chair and Abbott fetched him a glass of brandy and soda. Hicks took a mouthful and spit it out.

"Gimme whisky," he said.

"This will sober you up," said Abbott, but the sailor would not listen to him.

Finally he got so ugly that the proprietor gave him the whisky. Then he lay over the table and went to sleep. The landlord didn't want him there in that condition, as it was near time for his boarders to drop in for their supper, so he and the sailors carried him upstairs to a room, laid him on the bed and left him to sleep off his jag. In the meantime the boys were talking over their plight.

"We're in a nice fix," said Dick, as he seated himself on one end of a saw-horse. "I suppose I shall be handed over to the police and returned to my stepfather, and that drunken sailor will pocket the reward."

"If that happens, all you need do will be to run away again," replied Sam.

"Mr. Sankey will keep a pretty close watch on me if he gets hold of me."

"S'pose he does? He can't watch you all the time. At the first chance you can give him the slip."

"Well, he hasn't got me yet, and he won't if I can help myself. I wonder if we can get out of this shed?"

"The door is padlocked on the outside, and there ain't any other opening."

"Then I suppose we've got to stay here."

"It looks like it."

"It's tough luck."

An hour passed away and it began to grow dark. Presently the door of the woodshed was opened and the landlord told them to walk out.

"Bill Hicks recovered his senses and has forgotten all about the trouble, so there's no reason for me to keep you chaps locked up any longer," he said.

"Has it taken him all this time to come around?" asked Sam.

"No."

"Then why didn't you let us out before?"

"I was busy and forgot all about you, but I'll make it all right with you. You can have another supper for nothin' if you want it."

"I would like another cup of coffee," said Dick.

"So would I," said Sam.

So the coffee was brought and the boys drank it.

Abbott asked them where they lived, and when he found that neither had a home he felt a secret satisfaction.

"If you fellows want to stay here for the night I won't charge you anythin' for a room. I haven't many lodgers at present. I'll throw in breakfast, too. That ought to repay you for the time you spent in the woodshed," he said.

Sam was for accepting the landlord's offer, as it would save each of them half a dollar, but Dick wasn't anxious to remain at the house. He was afraid they might encounter Hicks in the morning.

"I think we'd better stay," said Sam. "I'm feeling plaguey sleepy."

"I'm kind of sleepy myself, but we'll walk it off as soon as we get into the open air," said Dick, with an involuntary yawn.

Sam looked decidedly fishy about the eyes and did not seem disposed to bestir himself when Dick suggested that they make a move. The landlord has stepped out into the big room, but did not go far from the door leading into the kitchen. Dick felt a sluggish feeling creeping all over him. He ascribed it to the warmth of the kitchen. He got up with an effort and shook Sam.

"Come, let's get out of this," he said.

"Let's go to bed," said Sam, thickly.

"That's what I say, but we can't do it till we reach the Eureka House."

He shook Sam again, but that lad paid no attention to him.

"What's the matter with you, Sam, you look like——"

His voice died away to a whisper, and he had to grab the table to save himself from falling. The room appeared to be tipping this way and that.

"Good gracious! what's the matter with me? My head is swimming around and buzzing like——like——"

He fell back into his chair and appeared to be perfectly helpless. Sam was already so fast asleep that a cannon would not have woke him up. A minute or two later Dick was just as unconscious of his surroundings. The kitchen was silent save for the ticking of the clock on the wall. Presently the landlord looked in. He signed to a couple of sailors. They came over to him.

"Take those lads upstairs and put them in six and seven," said Abbott.

One of the sailors grabbed Sam, the other Dick, hoisted them across their shoulders, as they might have treated a bundle of goods, and marched up to the second floor with them. The boys were laid on a bunk in each room and left there. Along toward midnight, Abbott, accompanied by a bronzed and bearded man in a pea-jacket, walked upstairs. The proprietor led the way into room six and flashed the light of the lamp he carried on the face and form of Dick Howard, who lay stretched out, breathing heavily, under the influence of the drug which had been administered to him and Sam in their coffee.

"What do you think of him?" asked Abbott. "He's a healthy chap and I'll warrant he's strong. I saw him knock Bill Hicks clean out with one blow this afternoon in the room below. He's got a punch, he has, and I'll bet he's got the makings of a good sailor in him."

The stranger felt of the boy's muscular development, prodded his chest, as a woman does a fowl to see if it is fat, though the man's object was to find out the absence of superfluous flesh, and finally felt the muscles of his thighs.

"I'll chance him," he said. "What's his name?" he went on, taking a small, stoppered ink bottle out of his pocket, with a pen, and produced the ship's articles.

"I don't know what his name is," replied the proprietor.

"Well, his mark will answer."

He placed the paper on the boy's chest, thrust the pen, after dipping it in the ink, between his fingers and guided the unconscious hand in making a cross on a line beneath the name of the sailor who signed last. Then he picked up the paper and removing the pen placed a \$10 gold-piece between Dick's fingers.

"Now, where's the other?" he said, turning away.

Abbott coolly took the \$10 coin from its resting-place and put it in his pocket, then led the way to Room 7, where much the same proceedings were enacted, the proprietor taking possession of the second coin as he had the first.

"I'll send them off in a Whitehall boat," he said.

The stranger nodded, and the pair walked downstairs and had a drink at the bar, after which the visitor went away.

CHAPTER III.—Accepting the Situation.

The reader will guess that a disagreeable surprise awaited Dick and Sam when they recovered their senses some hours later. They found themselves in the dirty fore-castle of an outward-bound brig miles to the westward of the "Heads,"

or Golden Gate, with the coast of California but a dim, hazy line behind. Sam was the first to wake up, and he was mightily astonished by the strangeness of his surroundings.

"Where in thunder am I?" he ejaculated, greatly puzzled.

At that moment the brig's bell on the fore-castle was struck eight times, conveying the information to those on board that it was eight o'clock, and the morning watch was at an end, the shift composing the forenoon watch going on duty. This watch was in charge of the first mate, the man who had shipped the two boys the night before at Abbott's establishment, and after taking a turn or two up and down the quarter-deck or poop, he recollected the lads. He called a seaman and directed him to see if the boys had come to their senses yet; if so, they were to be hustled on deck and brought before him. When the sailor descended into the fore-castle he found Sam and Dick sitting up in their bare bunks, fully aware of the fact that they had been shanghaied, and as mad over it as two boys could well be.

"Hello, my hearties!" grinned the sailor, who knew how they had been brought on board. "How do you feel?"

"How do you s'pose we feel?" growled Sam. "How would you feel if you were carried off to sea against your will?"

"That's happened to me, my lads, more than once."

"Has it? Well, it's an outrage. How far is the vessel from shore?"

"A matter of ten miles, I reckon."

"I'm going to see the captain about this," said Dick, in an indignant tone.

"It won't do you any good, youngster. You're shipped, and you'll have to turn to and do your duty, after you learn it, like anybody else."

"But kidnaping is against the law," protested Dick.

"You ain't been kidnaped. You've been regularly shipped 'cordin' to law."

"Nonsense! How could we sign the articles when we were senseless?"

"Many a time I've done it without knowin' it."

"How in thunder could you do it without knowing it? You've evidently been a sailor for many years and you know what the ship's articles look like. You wouldn't be fool enough to sign them if you didn't want to."

"When a fellow is dead drunk he can be made to do things he ain't aware of."

"Well, we were not drunk. We were drugged by that rascally sailors' boarding-house keeper. When a person is under the influence of a drug he is utterly incapable of doing a thing."

"He can make his mark after a pen has been put in his fingers and somebody moves his hand. Then his advance pay is placed in his hand and the job is done, accordin' to law," he said.

Dick gasped at this revelation.

"That isn't legal," he said. "A person has to understand what he is doing to be held accountable for it."

"You're too much of a sea lawyer for me, my lad, but I'm bound to say you'll find that your shippin' has been regular enough to suit the cap'n, and what suits him goes, on the high seas,

for he is the boss of the coop. Follow me now. The mate wants to see you aft on the deck. You can make your kick to him, but if I was you I'd say nothin' and take my medicine. You'll stand better with him, and that's a good deal in your position. In any case it won't do you any good to squeal. The act is done, and if you'll take my advice, and it's well meant, you'll make the best of the matter, and show a willingness to turn to."

The boys followed the sailor on deck and aft to the poop, which they mounted by means of a short ladder leading from one side of the waist of the brig. The mate, muscular, bearded, bronzed and with no nonsense about him, confronted them and measured them both with his eagle eye.

"Well, my lads, what have you got to say for yourselves?" he said.

Dick immediately put up a kick about the way he said they had been kidnaped aboard the vessel, explaining, what the mate was already aware of, that they had been drugged by Abbott, the boarding-house keeper, and they had no recollection of anything which had taken place from the moment they fell asleep in the house opposite Meiggs' Wharf until they woke up and found themselves in the fore-castle.

"So you claim that you were not regularly shipped?" said the mate maliciously.

"Yes," replied Dick.

"Well, I'll look into it and if your names are not down on the articles I'll have you both put aboard yonder Italian fishing smack which is bound in. That's fair, ain't it?"

"Yes," replied Dick. "You're a gentleman."

The mate grinned.

"What's your name?" he said.

"Dick Howard," replied the boy, little suspecting the mate's purpose.

"And yours?" said the mate, looking at Sam.

"Sam Simpson."

"Very good!" chuckled the officer. "I'll see that you get a square deal. Remain here till I return."

He left the deck and walked down the brass-bound companion-steps to the cabin. He knocked at the door of the captain's stateroom and was told to enter.

"I want the brig's articles to show those boys that they're shipped regularly," he said.

The skipper produced them. The mate took a pen and wrote in the names of the boys opposite their marks. Then he went on deck with the paper in his hand.

"I'm sorry, my lads, that you don't recollect signing, but here are your names in ship-shape style," and he showed them the paper.

The boys stared at the writing.

"That isn't my signature," said Dick.

"That isn't mine, either," said Sam.

"They're both in the same handwriting," said Dick.

"So I see," said the mate, "but you see those crosses, with 'his mark' around them? Well, whoever shipped you, finding you were not able to write your own names, wrote them in for you and then got you to make your mark, which legalizes the transactions, consequently you're both fairly shipped."

"Do you intend to hold us on that jugglery? We're not sailors. What good are we to you? We don't know one rope from another," said Dick.

"Here comes the captain. Speak to him."

"What's the trouble?" asked the skipper, fully prepared to act.

Dick explained.

"That may all be as you say, but so far as I know you were shipped regularly and received your advance money. As long as your names and your marks are attached to this paper I have nothing to do with any alleged irregularity in the case. You belong to the brig. If you have no dunnage you will be fully supplied from the 'ship chest' and the articles charged to your account. Here, Sanders," he said to a seaman, "take these boys to the storeroom and fit them out with what they need, including mattresses and blankets for their bunks."

Having thus finally disposed of the matter he walked away.

"Then we've got to remain aboard this vessel?" Dick said to the mate, who was enjoying their consternation.

"What the captain says is final."

"That settles it," said Dick to Sam. "You've got to knuckle down and take our medicine. If we kick we'll be knocked around in a way that will make us wish we were dead. I've read about the way greenhorns are handled. Come on. I don't care, anyway. I have one satisfaction, and that is my stepfather can't get hold of me now."

The boys followed the sailor, were duly fitted out with sailor togs, that is, rough apparel suitable for the work ahead of them, and each were provided with a bag to stow their land togs in, and other odds and ends they were provided with. With a pair of blankets under their arms, their bag in one hand and their mattress in the other, they went forward to the fore-castle. After placing the mattresses in the bunks they had occupied, they changed their clothes, put the cast-off ones in the bag and shoved the bags under the bunks. Then they went on deck and reported to the mate for duty.

"I see you've taken a sensible view of the case, young fellows," said the mate, as they lined up before him, "and that'll save you a heap of trouble. The captain is sole master aboard this craft, and I'm next in authority. There's a second mate under me. The three of us can make life as miserable as we choose for chaps who try to make trouble. The law will always uphold us. You lads are starting right, no matter how you came aboard, consequently you're not likely to get more kicks than will naturally come your way, which means that you'll have no harder a time than your shipmates. I'll take you in my watch, Howard, so you'll be on duty till eight bells, or twelve o'clock. You, Simpson, will report for duty when the port watch turns out. Until then you will have nothing to do. That is all. Go for'ard."

Thus Dick the runaway, and his friend, Sam Simpson, entered upon a sea life that was to lead the former to a fortune, in which the latter had a share.

CHAPTER IV.—The Derelict.

Dick and Sam were sent to the galley to get some breakfast, after which the former was set to work helping a sailor caulk the long boat, which was turned bottom upward on deck for that purpose. The sailor was the chap who had summoned him and Sam from the forecastle to the poop, and he was a very decent fellow named Bob Sawyer.

"Where is the vessel bound?" asked Dick.

"Sydney, New South Wales, Australia."

"That's a long way off."

"I'll allow it is. It'll take us several months to fetch port."

"What islands are those yonder?"

"Them are the Farallones. They lie about twenty-five miles west of the Heads. They're the last land we're likely to see for some time."

The brig passed the islands some miles on the starboard bow, and during the rest of the watch Bob Sawyer instructed Dick in general seamanship, explaining the names of the masts and yards, the sails, together with many of the ropes and their uses.

At noon dinner was served to the crew and the port watch, to which Sam belonged, came on duty. Dick had nothing to do for the next four hours, but he put in the time with the sailor, learning a lot more about the duties that he would soon be called on to take part in. Another sailor took Sam in hand and handed him a lot of useful information. The two boys began their sea career under comparatively pleasant conditions. The weather was fine and lasted that way for three whole weeks steady. The captain and mates, while strict and more or less rough toward the crew, were not the brutal ruffians one sometimes reads about. Thus the weeks passed and the brig was rapidly nearing her destination, when the vessel caught the tail end of a hurricane. During the two days it lasted the boys had a tough experience—the hardest they had yet been up against. Finally the weather cleared and the sun came out again—a welcome sight. Three days later the lookout in the foretop shouted: "Sail ho!"

"Where away?" shouted the skipper, who was on deck, springing into the main-chains and mounting a few strands of the rat-lines.

"About two points to the lo'ard, sir," replied the watch.

"Run up, Mr. Smith, and see what you make of her," cried the captain to the second mate, who was in charge of the deck at the time.

The second mate mounted the rat-lines and presently announced a partially dismantled brig, with a flag of distress flying in. The skipper ordered the helm put to starboard, and the Sally Hooper's nose swung around to port, and was soon headed for the derelict.

"Throw the lashings off one of those quarter-boats, Mr. Smith; ship all things you're likely to want and be ready to lower away when I give the word," said the captain.

"Aye! aye! sir; I'll attend to it," replied the mate.

"Select your boat's crew and keep your eye on

the weather; I don't much like the look of the sky yonder," waving his arm.

In a few minutes the Sally Hooker was brought to within a short distance of the apparently deserted craft, and Smith selected his boat crew from his watch.

Sam was one of those called upon, and he tumbled into the boat as it hung on a level with the bulwark, ready to be lowered by the rest of the watch as soon as the mate gave the word. At that moment Dick pushed forward.

"May I go with you, Mr. Smith?" he asked respectfully.

"What for? You're not on duty."

"I'd like to go with Sam, sir, as a favor."

It was not customary for an officer to take a man not in his watch, but Smith rather liked Dick and told him to tumble in. Dick did so, and with a rattling of the blocks the boat dropped to the water, was unshipped from the falls, and the men told to "give away" at their oars. The boat dashed through the water toward the derelict, the foam spurting from her bows under the lusty strokes of the rowers. The wreck was rolling in sympathy with the waves, but the mate had no difficulty in running close under her port quarter.

Sanders, who was pulling stroke oar, seized one of several ropes that hung dangling overboard, and brought the boat to a stop.

"Tumble aboard, Simpson, and you, too, Howard. I'll follow you," said the mate.

The two boys were on the deck of the wreck in a twinkling, and a moment later were joined by Smith.

"Go for'ard and peep into the f'ks'l, while I look into the cabin," said the mate. "Make sure there's no one there."

The boys obeyed orders. They made their way down into the "sailors' parlor" and found it as dark as a dungeon, for the slush-lamp which furnished a dim illumination to the place had gone out. They groped around and shouted loudly, but no one appeared to be there. As they started to regain the deck they heard the mate shouting to them. They saw him standing in the entrance to the cabin passage.

"I guess he's found something in the cabin," said Dick.

They hurried aft and reported that the fore-castle was empty.

"There's a man half dead in one of the state-rooms," said the mate. "Help me get him on deck and into the boat."

It was a ghastly-looking object the boys gazed on when they followed Smith into the cabin, which was awash with water. The man was much emaciated, and appeared to be suffering both from some illness and starvation. They carried him on deck, rolled up in a blanket, and the mate got down into the boat to receive the human bundle. As he and Sanders were laying the object in the bottom of the boat, the wind, coming with a sudden swoop, pounced down on the derelict. Her two exposed sails filled and she shot forward with a jerk that tore the rope from the hands of the man holding the boat alongside. Indeed, if he hadn't let go to save himself, he would have been jerked into the sea.

Before you could say Jack Robinson the boat was a dozen yards to the leeward of the wreck. A second gust, still more furious, threw the wreck

on her beam ends, and almost dumped Sam and Dick into the water, while it partially swamped the boat. Quick action on the part of the mate alone saved her. He ordered the men to pull for the derelict to take the boys off. Before she could cover the distance the storm, with a roar, swept down on boat and wreck and a veil of thick mist shrouded the face of the ocean like magic, boat and brig vanishing from the sight of the boys, like a picture suddenly blotted out.

CHAPTER V.—On Board the Derelict.

The situation of the two boys was one of great peril. They were clinging to a small broken section of bulwark, and in great danger of being carried overboard by the sea that swept the wreck without hindrance. As the derelict righted, momentarily, the boys with one accord dashed for the nearest shelter, which was the entrance to the cabin passage. They pitched headlong into it, followed by half a ton of water deflected from its course by the rising of the bows. They fetched up in a heap against the cabin door, half smothered by the water. The boys were flung against the cabin table, and to that they clung for support and awaited their finish in the gloom of the place.

"This is awful, Dick!" groaned Sam. "We'll never come out of it alive."

"Cheer up, old man. While there's life there's hope," replied Dick.

"Hope! I don't see any. We've lost the brig, and if we don't go to the bottom in this storm we'll starve to death."

The gale continued for hours with a fury that made a shuttle-cock of the derelict. As time passed and she did not show any signs of foundering, the boys regained their courage and self-possession. Night came on, and the cabin became so dark that but for the fact that the eyes of the lads were accustomed to it, they could not have seen one another, close as they were together. Their fingers became cramped from the grip they had on the further edge of the table. Each time the wreck rolled to the windward their heads went down and their heels would have gone up if they hadn't held them well down. Sometimes their faces were soused in the water till they were almost strangled. All of six hours went by before the storm began to abate, and what the boys suffered during the most of that time no pen can describe. The wind rapidly decreased during the next two hours, but there was little let up to the rolling and pitching of the derelict. It was then midnight and the boys were thoroughly exhausted. If they had not been roughing it for some months aboard the Sally Hooper they must have collapsed, and would probably have been drowned in the cabin through sheer inability to avoid such a fate. As it was, they had nearly reached the end of their endurance, but like drowning men clinging to a spar in mid-ocean they hung on to the table with a grim tenacity that ultimately fetched them through the ordeal. The boys had not spoken for an hour when Dick broke the silence.

"Sam, how are you?" he asked, in a hoarse whisper.

"Nearly dead," returned his companion, with a dismal groan.

"I believe the storm is nearly over."

"Maybe so, but we're rollin' about as badly as ever."

"Not quite as bad. The water doesn't come in like it did. The waves are high, no doubt, but the wind has decreased. I don't hear it howling any longer."

"I guess you're right. I'm going to let go of the table."

"So am I, if I can. My fingers are so numb and stiff there is no feeling in them. It seems like a providence that we managed to hold on so long. Seems as if we'd been clinging for an age to this table."

The boys slipped backward into the water, then they got on their feet and each caught hold of a stationary chair. They sat down and braced their feet against the table.

"This is a whole lot better," said Sam, in a tone of relief.

"Yes. I wonder what time it is?"

"It's night, all right."

"It's been night for a long time."

"Then I wish morning would come."

"You don't wish it any more than me."

"I wonder where the Sally Hooper is by this time?"

"I hate to think how far off she probably is."

"We've been given up as lost."

"I suppose we have, but we won't be missed as much as the mate and the three men in the boat if she was lost."

"The brig will be short-handed in that case."

"Yes, but she isn't so far from Australia. She'll be able to make Sydney all right if she doesn't run into a hurricane."

The boys continued to talk till overcome by weariness they fell into a doze. When Dick awoke some hours later the cabin was bright with the sunshine that poured down through the skylight over the table. Swinging under the skylight, and reflecting the sunlight in prismatic shades, was a tray holding a decanter full of amber-colored liquor and half a dozen glasses. The derelict was still rolling from side to side, but not more than when the boys and the mate came on board. She was also pitching in a rhythmic way as she took the seas. Most of the water had run out of the cabin, and what was left slopped from side to side as the craft moved. Dick jumped up with a feeling of hope and satisfaction, for the light and sunshine sent the blood bounding through his veins once more. He was hungry, and he decided to hunt for something to eat without delay. He saw the liquor in the decanter in the tray. Whether it was wine or something stronger, he determined to sample it. He needed a bracer after what he had gone through. As he reached up and took a glass and the decanter down, Sam woke up.

"Hello, it's morning!" he said. "And the storm is over, too. What have you got there, Dick?"

"Have a drink? It's whisky. I guess we need a little to tone us up, then we'll go and look for something to eat."

He took down a second glass, and he and Sam took a drink each. Naturally it warmed their blood and imparted to them a feeling of temporary exhilaration.

"That makes a fellow feel first-rate," said Sam.

Dick replaced the decanter and glasses and started for the cabin door. Sam followed close at his heels. There were four doors leading off the passage, one of which opened into the pantry. That was the one Dick was aiming for. He opened the door that corresponded with the pantry door on board of the Sally Hooper, and found he had struck it right. A few inches of water flowed about the floor. The first thing they saw were two cured hams swinging from the ceiling by short pieces of lanyard attached to hooks.

"Who says there is nothing to eat on board?" said Dick, pointing at the hams.

A further inspection of the place revealed a loaf of bread as hard as a brick. A dozen biscuits equally hard. A quantity of jars of potted meats, cans of preserved vegetables and several crocks of Scotch marmalade.

"We'll have breakfast, all right," said Dick. "And a better one than was served out to us chaps aboard the Sally Hooper."

An inventory of the supplies in sight was reassuring, since there looked to be enough for a couple of weeks, without counting on the hams. Then they went hunting for water, and found a barrel of it, quite fresh, lashed against the side of the galley. Having drunk their fill, they looked at their chances of ultimate rescue through rose-tinted spectacles, so to speak. The sky overhead was blue, hardly spotted by a cloud. The waves, though running high, after the storm, were sure to go down shortly. The wind was blowing a stiff breeze that would have bowled a full-rigged ship along in great shape. The canvas which had been set on the wreck had blown away, while the inverted British ensign still fluttered from the end of the spar which was fixed to the stump of the foremast. The derelict lay so low in the water that the deck was continually awash from the waves that leaped when they hit her side. It was easy for the boys to get away from this water by going either on the forecastle deck or the poop. They adjourned to the latter, and, taking off their clothing, spread it on the boards to dry, while they sat down and talked quite cheerfully in the sunlight. When their clothes were dry they put them on, leaving their shoes and socks off and rolling their trousers up to their knees. The sea went down during the day and the boys employed their time in conversation and watching for a sail, which did not appear. After supper, as soon as it got dark, they lit the cabin swinging lamp, amused themselves with some old New Zealand newspapers, and finally each turned into a bunk in opposite taterooms.

CHAPTER VI.—The Isle of Fog.

Next morning when the boys turned out the sea was comparatively calm, and the sun was shining just as gloriously as on the day previous. The wind had gone down to a very light breeze.

"There's a sail!" exclaimed Sam, when they took their station on the poop-deck, pointing to a shiny white spot on the far-off horizon.

"It's a long ways off, and it may not be heading this way," said Dick.

After speculating on it a while they went below to breakfast. When they returned the sail had vanished. That day the boys found a spare sail in the forecastle and rigged it up forward. It served to keep the derelict's head before the wind, and in that particular was an advantage. The compass showed them that they were drifting to the southeast. Whether such a course was an advantage or a disadvantage to them, the boys couldn't tell. In any case, matters had to take their course, for the wreck was practically unmanageable. Thus a week passed away—a week of fine weather, with a smooth sea and little wind. The boys had seen several sails, but they were too far off to be signaled. They were tired of their floating prison by this time, but had to grin and bear the situation. They went to bed each night hoping for better luck on the morrow, but better luck failed to come their way.

"I tell you, Sam, we're mighty lucky to have a good supply of provisions and water. If there had been none on board we should be dead by this time," said Dick one afternoon, about sundown.

"That's right," nodded Sam. "Say, what's that yonder? It looks like a cloud on the horizon."

"I couldn't tell you, but I wouldn't be surprised if it was land."

"Land, eh? I hope it is. We are drifting in that direction."

The boys watched the distant cloud until darkness shut it out from their view. Although they could make nothing out of it, the fact that it did not rise in the heavens like an ordinary cloud, but remained stationary, almost convinced them that it was land they saw. The night was as fine as any of the preceding nights, and the breeze that bellied out their solitary sail, wafted them toward the spot where they had seen the cloud.

"Do you think we may pass it during the night?" Sam said, as they sat on the poop after supper.

The boys remained up later than usual that night and talked over what they would do in case they landed on an uninhabited island, or one the inhabitants of which were savages. Against an unfriendly population their only protection would be the pair of navy revolvers they had found in one of the staterooms. Those weapons were only effective at short range, and would hardly save them from a concerted attack. The boys were on deck soon after sunrise. They expected to see an island close ahead or close astern. Instead of which they perceived, perhaps a mile away, a dense cloud of mist resting upon the sun-kissed sea. They rushed forward to the forecastle to get a better view of the strange phenomena.

"What in thunder is it?" ejaculated Sam. "It isn't land, that's certain."

"It looks like a mass of fog," said Dick. "But I never knew fog to appear in such a contracted space before. Usually it spreads for miles on miles over the surface of the sea. If that is really fog, it doesn't seem to be more than a mile in extent."

"If it's a fog, the sun ought soon to put it out of business."

"Another funny thing about it, it doesn't seem to be moving."

"We are running right toward it, though not

very fast, but if it remains there a couple of hours we'll run into it."

"Very good. Let's go to breakfast. I feel hungry. That's the effect of an empty stomach, which is the cause."

The boys adjourned to the pantry and made a hearty meal. When they came on deck again the derelict was close upon the patch of mist, which stretched out over perhaps three-quarters of a mile of the sea. Its height might have been three or four hundred feet. So far the sun had had little if any effect on it. It looked like a high, impalpable white wall. It was, on the whole, such a strange phenomena that the boys began to feel nervous at the thought of contact with it. However, they had no control over the matter. The derelict was sure to pass through it whether they liked it or not. Their nervousness showed itself by their retiring from the fore-castle to the poop, to get as far away from it as possible. Nearer and nearer they drew to it until they were right upon it. They could now see the wall of mist rolling and waving to and fro. The brig's broken jibboom disappeared into the white mass, like a knife sinking into soft butter. The sail vanished next, and foot by foot, the derelict lost itself from the sight of the boys.

"Let's get into the cabin," suggested Sam, when half of the vessel had been engulfed.

"What's the use?" replied Dick. "We'll pass through this thing in a few minutes. We'll feel chilly, but that's all."

Sam made no reply, and a moment later they were in the mist themselves. The change of temperature was quite perceptible to them. The air was damp and cold. They eagerly awaited their release from the clammy embrace. It came in a few minutes, but instead of finding themselves on the ocean beyond the wall of mist they sailed into a patch of water entirely surrounded by the fog in a great opaque circle. But what was more astonishing, right before them lay a green and fertile island, rising to a height in gentle undulations. Trees of a semi-tropical nature dotted the slopes, singly and in groves, rising out of a thick green carpet. A wide, shelving beach ran around the island, apparently, except directly facing their approach where there was a break in the shore which extended a short distance into the island, like the mouth of a wide creek. The boys uttered an exclamation of astonishment at the sight that burst upon their view. An island surrounded by a circle of fog was certainly a phenomena neither had ever heard of before. They would have doubted the story of such a thing, but here the fact was before their eyes, and the evidence of their senses was conclusive. In the strangest manner possible they had stumbled upon a veritable isle of fog, and the island was so beautiful, reposing like a mammoth emerald on the sea, that they seemed to have been suddenly transported to a realm of enchantment.

CHAPTER VII.—The Girl on the Island.

"Gosh!" ejaculated Sam, his eyes sticking out.

"Beautiful!" cried Dick, lost in enthusiastic admiration.

"We're going right into the island," said Sam.

"We'll fetch up in that creek. I guess this is the end of our cruise."

Pretty soon the vessel grounded. The boys, who had run forward, were both anxious to get ashore, for months had passed since they had trodden the solid earth.

"We must first take means of securing this craft, or she'll be likely to float away, and we don't want to lose the provisions that are at our command," said Dick. "Besides, we may decide that our chances of rescue are better afloat than on this island, in which case it will be important to have the craft to fall back on. The tide of the ocean will draw her away from the island any time we want to leave."

"All right. There are ropes enough lying around on deck to secure her with," said Sam. "We'd better use half a dozen lines to make sure of keeping her moored."

The boys lost no time in securing two stout ropes to the fore-castle windlass and carrying them ashore and tying them around the base of a couple of stout trees. They then repeated the performance to make sure of holding the vessel to the shore. As long as the weather held fine, this mooring would answer the purpose, but if a heavy wind arose the action of the waves might pull the wreck from her lashings, though the cove, being sheltered by high ground, would protect it from the force of the wind blowing across the island. Satisfied that the derelict was safe as far as they could make her, the boys decided to explore the island at once, to find out its extent and whether it had any inhabitants. They were also anxious to discover if there was any fruit to be found, as well as pure water, though they still had a plentiful supply of the latter in the cask on the vessel. They put a supply of cooked ham and crackers in their pockets and started out, following the shore line. The beach, on which the sea broke with a gentle ripple, was hard and smooth, and made walking good. There were rocks and boulders in their path at times, but these were easily avoided. After they had gone halfway around the island to a point where they got a view of the side opposite to the cove where the derelict had run ashore, they calculated that they had walked a mile and a half. Apparently the island was a mile long by half a mile wide, roughly speaking. So far they had met with no indications showing that there was anybody on it but themselves.

"We've gone far enough along the shore; let's strike into the island," suggested Dick.

That suited Sam, so they left the beach and took to the rising velvety ground, thickly covered with bright vegetation. They hadn't gone far before they recognized trees that, judging from pictures they had seen, were of the cocoanut order. They had tall, smooth trunks, rather slender, topped by clusters of leaves, among which they presently made out the nuts.

"Cocoanuts!" cried Dick. "We must get some. You're a good climber, Sam. Try your luck and see if you can get up to the top of this one."

Sam thought the task would not be hard, but he soon found that the job was almost like trying to climb a greased pole. But it is pretty hard to stump a young and active sailor boy, and so Sam, after persistent effort, reached the top of the tree and was partly lost amid the leaves when he pulled out his sheath-knife and proceed-

ed to cut away some of the fruit. Half a dozen nuts dropped to the ground and then he slid back to earth.

"That was no fool job climbing that tree," he said. "I'll let you do it next time and see how you like it."

The fruit was not ripe, so far as the interior rind was concerned, but they held lots of palatable milk which the boys got at by making a hole at one end.

"At that rate we'll live like moguls," said Sam, in a tone of satisfaction.

"That will all be very nice for a while, old chap, but I shall welcome a rescue as soon as possible, for I want to get back to civilization."

"That's right," agreed his companion. "There's no fun in being marooned on an uninhabited island."

Hardly were the words out of his mouth when there was a rustle in the bushes and a pretty, dark-eyed girl, in rather ragged attire, suddenly appeared before them. She was clearly taken as much by surprise as they were. She stopped short and uttered a little cry of astonishment. Dick was the first to recover his self-possession.

"How do you do, miss?" he said politely.

"Why, where did you boys come from?" she asked. "You look like sailors. Is your vessel close by?"

"Our vessel, such as it is, came ashore on the other side of this island about two hours ago, and we are looking around to see what we are up against."

"Your vessel came ashore?" she said, in a puzzled tone. "What? in this fine weather? Ah, I forgot about the wall of fog. Still there is hardly wind enough to send a vessel on the beach before she could drop her anchor."

"Our vessel was a mere wreck, and we two were the only ones on board of her. She floated ashore. We couldn't have stopped her had we wanted to."

"Your vessel was a wreck, you say, and you were the only ones on board?"

"That's right, miss."

"Then you're as bad off as we are," she said, a look of disappointment showing on her face.

"As bad off as you?"

"Yes; my father and I are marooned on this island. We've been here four months. Our vessel went ashore here in a terrible gale, a total loss, and we were the only ones who reached the shore alive."

"You don't say! There are no other inhabitants on this island save yourself and your father, then?"

"None."

"I suppose your father was captain of the lost ship?"

"Yes, and part owner. All his savings were invested in her. If we ever get away and back to San Francisco, he hopes to recover his share of the insurance."

"Then you belong to San Francisco?"

"Yes."

"So do we."

"Is it possible!" cried the girl, with a look of pleasure. "What is your name?"

"Dick Howard. This is my friend, Sam Simpson. What is your name?"

"Nelle Davis. My father is Captain George Davis. He will be glad to meet you. It is a

pleasure for me to see a new face, and particularly to find that you are both Americans. I sympathize with your misfortune, but as long as it could not be helped I am very glad that you came ashore here instead of somewhere else."

"This is a fine island, but I can't understand that wall of fog which surrounds it. There must be some cause for such a remarkable phenomena, but I can't imagine what it is."

"There is a broken line of reef."

"A broken line of reef!"

"Yes. There are a dozen openings in it, and you came through one of them without knowing it, otherwise you never would have reached the shore unless you knew the island was here and swam for it."

"You and your father have been here four months, you say? Have you found out what causes the mist to form every day at sundown?"

"We have not. It is a mystery to us."

"What do you live on? Fruit altogether?"

"Mostly, and shell-fish, which we have to eat raw."

"Gee!" exclaimed Sam, "aren't you tired of that diet?"

"We are, indeed. But what can we do? We must eat to live, and there is nothing else at hand. We have no means of making a fire."

"Then you shall have a change of diet right away," said Dick. "We have a couple of cooked hams, and a number of jars of potted meat, crackers, preserved vegetables, marmalade and other things aboard."

"You have!" exclaimed the girl joyfully.

"Yes, and coffee and tea, condensed milk, sugar and so-forth."

"My gracious! Come, let me take you to my father. Your coming will be a great surprise to him, as great as it was to me when I first saw you."

"Would you accept some ham sandwiches made with crackers?" asked Dick, taking a paper bundle out of his pocket.

"Yes," she said eagerly.

He handed it to her, and opening the paper, she quickly began eating the food, which tasted like a great delicacy to her. And while eating she led the way to the improvised hut that had been built out of driftwood by her father, and which stood in front of a shallow indentation in the rising ground near the center of the island.

CHAPTER VIII.—Putting in Time.

Captain Davis was doing something to the hut when they came in sight of it. He looked up on hearing voices, and gazed in a dumfounded way at the two young marooned sailors. Then he advanced to meet them. His daughter introduced the boys to him, and explained that they, too, were marooned on the island.

"I am sorry to hear it," said the captain gravely. "When I saw you coming I thought our hour of deliverance was at hand. How came you to reach this island by yourselves? There has been no bad weather for a matter of ten days. Did you come in a boat or on a raft?"

"Neither," replied Dick. "We came on a water-logged brig. She drifted into a cove on that side of the island."

"I know the spot. Then you are the only survivors of a marine disaster? Your vessel was wrecked in a storm and became water-logged owing to the character of her cargo. Your shipmates and the officers were washed overboard, I presume?"

"No, sir; nothing of the kind. I will tell you how we came to be on board the wreck," said Dick, who then told the cause of their predicament as it has been described in a previous chapter.

"Father, these boys have food in plenty, they tell me, on board their vessel," said the girl.

"We have quite a bit," said Dick, and he enumerated over the different articles to the captain. "You must be greatly in need of a change of diet. If you and your daughter will come to the cove with Sam and me we will give you a spread that I guess you will appreciate."

The captain was only too ready to accept their invitation, so the party set out for the shore. If the channel of the cove had not been deep the water-logged craft never would have been able to have entered it. As it was, she practically rested on the bottom, and would rest wholly so as soon as the ocean tide reached full ebb. It was easy to get on board of her, and the party was soon on her desolate-looking deck.

"There are three staterooms in the cabin," said Dick. "I would suggest that you and your daughter take possession of two of them. The beds are in good shape, and there are sundry conveniences that you will appreciate. We'll all live aboard of the craft until some vessel comes along and takes us off the island. There is a good stove in the galley, with all the necessary utensils. We only used it to make coffee. Doubtless your daughter can make it better than we did. She will be able to cook the shellfish, and any fish we may be able to catch. We should fare pretty well as long as the food holds out. Of course, there isn't so much of it in the pantry, as we have been living on what we found there since we've been aboard, but I wouldn't be surprised but there is a lot more in the lazaretto, though whatever crackers may be there are probably spoiled by salt water, for the room is flooded."

The captain and his daughter gladly accepted Dick's invitation to take up their quarters on the wreck, and the girl said if Dick or Sam would make a fire in the galley stove and start some water boiling she would make a pot of coffee right away. Sam volunteered to do that, while Dick led the captain and his daughter into the pantry and showed them what stores remained. Inside of half an hour the skipper and the girl were eating and drinking like famished persons.

"I never thought coffee would taste so good," said Nellie Davis. "It is my idea of nectar."

"Give me another cup, my dear; it certainly tastes good to me," said her father.

After they had eaten all they wanted, the boys showed them through the cabin, and the girl decided it would be just lovely to sleep in a real bed once more.

Captain Davis took possession of the late skipper's room, while Nellie was domiciled in the first mate's. Dick retained the one he had been using and Sam was perfectly satisfied to remove to the carpenter's room off the passage. After a

while the boys went ashore and brought a load of cocoanuts and a bunch of bananas on board. As the tide was at its lowest point the captain took Dick and Sam to a line of rocks on the other side of the island where he had been in the habit of gathering shell-fish. There was always plenty to be got at low tide, and they returned with a pan full of them. About five o'clock the fog began to gather on the reef again, and by the time dinner had been prepared and eaten, the great white wall was once more in evidence, cutting off the island, as it were, from the rest of the world. A checker-board and counters were found in the chief mate's room, and Nellie played games with both of the boys in turn, while her father amused himself with the copies of the New Zealand papers, which afforded him great entertainment, for the world had been a blank to him, so far as news was concerned, since he left Hobart Town, in Van Dieman's Land, some five months since. All hands turned in early and were up early next morning. After breakfast the captain inspected the lines that held the derelict to the shore and decided that they needed strengthening to resist a heavy blow which might come at any time. Heavier ropes were brought into service, and the mooring trees on shore were made capable of greater resistance by driving pieces of wreckage into the ground around them. That afternoon the captain and the boys made their first investigation of the lazaretto. Removing their clothing, they took turns in going down into the water, and many boxes of canned goods and other things were gotten out. A barrel of flour was hoisted out, the greater part of which was found to be of service. With the aid of baking-powder, of which there was a supply on hand, Nellie made a pan of biscuits for supper.

The boys manufactured a light raft, to which they attached a light mooring rope, and allowing the tide to carry them out as far as the line would permit, they fished for an hour and caught a mess large enough to do for supper and breakfast next morning.

"This is a lot easier than working before the mast," said Sam that evening when they sat down to supper. "Plenty of good things to eat and nothing particular to do suits me first rate."

"It's a cinch that won't last many moons. Unless we are rescued we are bound to come to the end of our resources, and then our diet will be reduced to fruit and fish," said Dick.

"As long as we can cook the fish things won't be so awfully bad."

"There'll be no trouble about having a fire, for there is driftwood enough to last longer than we'll have use for it. It's my opinion, though, that a month of this kind of thing will fully satisfy you, Sam. You'll then begin a daily howl for a vessel to come along and take us off."

"I'll stand it as long as you will," said Sam.

"You'll have to."

The four castaways surely did succeed in getting along very nicely together. Dick and Nellie were much attracted to each other. He told her that he was the son of a gentleman farmer of Napa Valley, California, and how three years after his father's death his mother had married an ex-preacher named Ebenezer Sankey. He had

nothing very good to say about his stepfather, who had treated him with anything but Christian kindness, and had secured such control over his mother and her property that he was able to do about as he pleased, and it had pleased him to give Dick the short end of everything. Dick had run away in consequence, and Mr. Sankey would have said, had he known the facts, that the kidnapping of the lad to sea was a just punishment for his conduct. Perhaps it was, but we are not going to argue the matter. At any rate, Dick didn't look at it in that light. Rough as he found sea life, he preferred it to existence under the control of his stepfather.

Nellie sympathized with Dick over his home trials, but he did not ask for sympathy in connection with anything that had happened to him since he left his home. He believed that his experience and done him good, and whenever it was his good fortune to get back to California, he had no intention of revisiting his home as long as Mr. Sankey was in charge of the coop. Dick had an argument with Captain Davis over the cause of the fog phenomena, but as neither had any real basis on which to build his theory, no correct conclusion could be drawn upon the subject. Sam listened to them, because he had nothing better to do, but he didn't care a copper cent what was the cause of the fog.

Dick declared that he would find out some day, either through personal investigation or by submitting the phenomena ultimately to some learned professor. So a month slipped by, and the party was no nearer rescue than the day the boys floated ashore on the derelict.

CHAPTER IX.—The Treasure in Gold.

Dick got into the habit of taking rambles with Nellie, nights, when the moon shone down full and clear over the foggy wall. Sam was not jealous of his partiality for the company of the captain's daughter, or her undisguised regard for Dick, for he didn't care a whole lot for girls, anyway. He preferred to talk to the captain, or go off wandering by himself, looking for pieces of flotsam that the waves were continually leaving on the shore.

Some of these floating articles came from a great distance, and on one occasion Sam brought to the wreck a wooden image of such horrible ugliness that Nellie almost had a fit when she looked at it. Yet Sam was tickled to death with its grotesque aspect, and kept it in his room to feast his eyes upon, which goes to show what a difference there is in taste. The captain said it was an Indian idol, and might have floated all the way from the shores of Hindoostan, thousands of miles away. He remembered picking up a floating corked bottle at sea, containing a message that seemed to be a joke, and which, from its address and date, appeared to have floated halfway around the world and might have completed the circuit had he not arrested its travels.

One night Dick seemed to find it a great difficulty in getting asleep. In fact, for some reason he found it impossible to do so. He finally got up, put on his trousers and went on deck.

There was no moon, but the Southern Cross and other constellations of stars made the night fairly brilliant. He could easily see the circular wall of fog hedging in the island, like a big stockade around a log house or fort. He walked up and down the deck, and finding that sleep would not come he decided to extend his walk to the shore. Perhaps a stroll would tire him, and thus woo the goddess Slumber. He started along the same route he and Sam followed when they first trod the island, and in due course came in sight of the other shore line. At that moment he heard sounds on the water, and looking in the direction whence they came he was astonished to see a small sloop anchored close in, and a rowboat with four persons in it approaching the beach. Dick's first impulse was to show himself, but on second thought decided not to until he had ascertained the character of the newcomers. The smallness of the craft told him that his party could not be taken off in her, and even if they could, there would be no privacy for Nellie, which must place her in an awkward predicament. The rowboat was beached and one of the men got out with a lantern, which he put down on the beach. Then one of the others handed out, in turn, several small kegs that appeared to be very heavy from the way they handled them. Dick was greatly interested as well as puzzled by the proceedings. He wondered what the kegs contained, and why they had been brought to the island. He determined to watch and find out if he could. With that purpose in view, he kept in the shadow of a large boulder. The last of the kegs being landed, the second man stepped on shore. The third man followed, lifting out the fourth figure, who proved to be a small boy, blindfolded. Here was a spice of mystery that somewhat excited him. What was in the wind? The first two men hoisted a keg apiece on their shoulders and started toward Dick's place of concealment. He dropped down on his hands and knees and crawled a few yards away. From his new position he watched their advance. They stopped beside a large rock, close to the boulder and dropped the kegs. One of the men then went back to the boat and returned with a crowbar. With this implement they pried up the rock on edge. Peering around a rock the young castaway gazed upon the spot where the light of the lantern threw the intruders into partial relief. To his astonishment one of them was emptying a keg of gold coin into a hole. Then he emptied the contents of the second keg. While the other man held the stone poised on end he went back to the shore and fetched the third and last keg, which also contained gold coin, and dumped that into the hole on top of the rest. During all this time not a word was uttered by any of the men. When the man had discharged the contents of the third keg he made a sign to the fellow who was holding on to the rock. He released it and it fell over into its place, hiding the hole and the money it contained. The other picked up the lantern and the party retraced their steps in the order they had gone. They got into the boat and pushed off to the sloop. The two jibs and mainsail were hoisted, the anchor pulled up and the sloop was headed for the wall of fog, into which she vanished, like a dissolving view. Then Dick rose to his feet, rubbed his eyes and asked himself if

he had been dreaming. To prove that he had been wide awake, he walked out on the shore and looked down at the plain trail left by the feet of the three men and the boy. He followed it to the water's edge.

"This is a mystery I'd give something to get to the bottom of," he thought.

Then he walked back to the stone which covered quite a treasure-trove and regarded it with interest. Lest the rising tide should obliterate all the footprints and he be unable to identify the stone again, he determined to mark it. This he did by placing a number of stones in a circle behind it. Then he walked slowly and thoughtfully back to the cove. He tumbled into his bunk again and fell asleep while figuring on the object the party in the sloop had in fetching a lot of gold coin to the island and hiding it. Next morning, Dick debated with himself whether he should tell what he had seen the night before.

It seemed so improbable that he had an idea the others would believe he had dreamed it all. Still the fact that the gold was there could be proved by lifting up the stone. And suppose it was there, as he was satisfied it was, could he claim it and take possession of it? It certainly was not his property, but belonged to the men who had brought it there and concealed it for reasons best known to themselves. But why should they deem it necessary to bring such a treasure to that lone and, doubtless in their opinion, uninhabited island and bury it? Was the money honestly theirs? Dick thought the circumstances furnished a strong suspicion against that conclusion. If they had stolen it, then he would be justified, he thought, in taking it out of their clutches, but it would then be his duty to try and find the rightful owners of the treasure. If he decided to take charge of it he could only regard it as an act of trust on his part. After thinking the matter over, he decided to tell his companions all about it, and see how the captain looked at it. So when they sat down to breakfast, he said:

"I'm going to tell you something that will astonish you."

"What's that?" asked the captain curiously, while Nellie regarded him with great interest.

"I had a singular adventure last night," continued Dick.

"Last night! I thought you turned in when we did," said Captain Davis.

"I did, but finding it impossible to get asleep, an unusual circumstance with me, I got up and strolled out on the island."

"What did you see?" asked Nellie.

"I'll bet he's found out something about the cause of the fog," grinned Sam.

"I saw a sloop lying at anchor close to the opposite shore."

The captain and his daughter uttered ejaculations of surprise, while Sam sat and stared at Dick.

"A sloop!" cried Captain Davis.

"Yes, sir, and a boat coming ashore with four persons in it, three men and a small boy."

"You hailed them, I suppose, and told them your story?"

Dick shook his head.

"Such was my intention, but I waited to see what brought them here."

"Well?"

"You'll hardly believe me when I tell you the object of their coming. If I hadn't actually witnessed their movements I would be inclined to doubt the matter myself."

"Why, what did they do?"

"Dick, without further preamble, told his story, and needless to say the others listened with no little astonishment.

"You actually saw them bury three kegs full of money?" said the captain, with an incredulous expression.

"Yes, sir, though the kegs were not really quite full—a little over half full, I should judge."

"And after burying it——"

"They returned to the sloop, hoisted sail and disappeared through the fog."

"Gosh!" ejaculated Sam.

"I suppose you'd know the stone again under which the money lies?" said the captain.

"I marked it with a circle of stones."

"We'll go there after breakfast and make an investigation."

Nothing else was talked about during the rest of the meal but Dick's nocturnal adventure. Dick asked Captain Davis if he thought they were justified in taking possession of the money under the mysterious circumstances. The captain wasn't quite sure, but was inclined to believe that Dick might do so if he cared to take chances.

"The men will probably return shortly for it, and when they find it gone, will look the island over to discover the reason for its disappearance from the place they put it," he said. "When they learn of our presence they will naturally conclude that we have got it and will make a demand for it. If we should refuse to give it up they would doubtless use force which we would not be able to resist."

"If I were certain that they came by it dishonestly I would not give it up if I could help myself. Sam and I have revolvers, with plenty of ammunition, and I guess we could hold them off. I see no sense in hiding money honestly acquired in such a place as the shore of this island."

"That's true," nodded the captain. "I am inclined to believe there is a crime behind it."

"It certainly looks like it."

"Well, I think we had better start for the shore now and see this treasure-trove. We'll need a crowbar, or something that will answer the purpose, in order to lift the stone which, judging from your account, is too heavy to be moved without mechanical assistance," said the captain.

"I don't believe there is a crowbar aboard the vessel," said Dick. "I haven't seen anything that looks like one."

"Then a stout piece of timber, with a stone for a fulcrum, will answer, I guess."

A strong timber was found on deck, and with this across Sam's shoulder, the party started for the scene of Dick's night experience.

CHAPTER X.—Dusky Intruders.

The party took the beach route, as the men had landed at the western end of the island, and in due time reached their destination. The tide

was pretty well up, though it had started to go out. It had evidently reached as high as the treasure rock for the footsteps of the men were no longer apparent. The circle of stones, however, was there, thus clearly identifying the rock, and this established one fact at least—that Dick had been there. Naturally all hands looked out on the contracted watery space between the island and the reef where the fog rested, thinking that perhaps the sloop might have come back, but there was no sign of her. After regarding the boulder with some curiosity the captain and the boys started operations to lift it. Dick got a good-sized stone and rolled it within two feet of the big rock. The timber was laid across it and the short end shoved under the rock. Then the captain and the boys threw their weight on the long end. The stone rose up slowly and when it was nearly upright Nellie ventured to draw close enough to the hole that was exposed and peeped down into it. She clapped her hands excitedly and uttered an ejaculation when she saw a pile of gold coin. Dick and Sam rushed over, seized the boulder and held it up. They saw the gold, too, and so did the captain when he dropped the timber and came over to the hole.

"You'll admit that my experience last night was no dream," said Dick.

"I don't think any of us accused you of dreaming," replied Captain Davis. "Let the stone fall over. We'll take the money out and carry it aboard the vessel. I see no reason why we should let it remain here."

"How will we carry it?" asked Sam.

"In pails," said Dick. "We can make a drag in a few minutes, bring it out here with the pans on it and carry them back full of money."

"You'd better lose no time about doing it," said the captain. "The sooner the money is removed, the better."

"It will take time, for it's over a mile from here to the cove," said Dick.

The boys started off, leaving Captain Davis and his daughter to amuse themselves with the sight of the money, and to speculate about the cause of its being there. By the time the boys returned with the drag and three pans and a small kettle the fog was melting away. It was wholly gone when the pans and kettle had been filled with gold sovereigns from the hole. The captain and Sam hauled the loaded drag back to the cove, Dick remaining to keep Nellie company.

"You'll be rich if you keep all that money," said the girl.

"I haven't thought of keeping it yet," replied Dick. "If the men come back while we are here and prove that it rightfully belongs to them, I shall hand it back to them. If they do not return, and we get it to some port, I shall use my best endeavors to locate the real owner. These men may have looted a bank, or some public treasury. In that case the facts will be published and circulated broadcast over this part of the world, and are pretty certain to reach my eye if we are soon taken off this island."

"But if you should not be able to restore the money to its rightful owners my father says it would lawfully become your property," said the girl.

"No fear of that, Nellie. If you don't go back

on me you can count me as one of your best friends."

"Do you think I would forget you after this experience in each other's company?" she said earnestly.

"I should hope not, for I won't forget you. But you will likely go to sea again with your father."

"No," she said, shaking her head, "I am quite cured of the sea. The night we were wrecked on the reef and our narrow escape from death is always in my mind. I have an idea that my father will give up the seafaring business and take up with some business on shore—if he can find anything that will suit him."

Dick and Nellie enjoyed their tete-et-tete very much, indeed, for they found many things to talk about that interested them in common.

In about an hour the captain and Sam got back with the drag and the empty pans and kettle. The second load cleaned out the treasure, and all hands went back together, Dick doing his share of the dragging. The sovereigns were dumped out on the cabin table and counted. In round numbers there were 20,000 of them, and their total value in American money was something less than \$100,000. It was decided to nail them up in half a dozen empty boxes that had held canned goods so as to keep the treasure intact and in good shape for delivery to whoever should ultimately prove to be the owner of it. In the event that its ownership could not be satisfactorily determined, it was agreed that Dick had the final say concerning its disposition. Dinner was late that day, but no one kicked, and all hands finally sat down to it with a hearty appetite.

"As those chaps might return at night, and on finding their treasure gone investigate the island, and in that case would discover and board this wreck, I think we had better secure the door of the passage and the door facing the companionway, so as to guard against an unwelcome and unexpected intrusion," said the captain.

"I agree with you," replied Dick. "We'll barricade them. It is easily done."

The necessary timbers were got and shaped for the purpose, and stout cleats nailed on both doors, and to the floor where needed. Things went on the same as usual for another week, the weather continuing as fine as ever. One morning, about nine, as the party was seated on the poop looking at the breaking up of the foggy wall, eight or nine long and narrow seagoing canoes, filled with dark-skinned natives, suddenly burst through the base of the mist at a certain point and headed straight for the beach. There were fully a dozen savages in each boat, and the total number was easily one hundred. The sight quite staggered the little party, and for a moment they sat aghast.

"My gracious!" exclaimed Dick, who was the first to break the spell of consternation.

"What are we up against?" gasped Sam.

Nellie looked frightened and the captain grave.

"I fear those natives come from one of the islands whose inhabitants are reputed to be cannibals," said Captain Davis.

"You recognize them, then?" said Dick.

"We put in for water at an island some twenty miles from here and met with a hostile reception. It was late in the afternoon, and I deemed it prudent to shift our anchorage. After dark the

gale came on which obliged us to seek an offing, and before morning landed us a wreck on the reef of this island. Those chaps look very much like the natives of that island, and as that is the nearest land I know of around here, I suspect their identity and fear we shall have trouble with them."

"Sam, go down and bring up our revolvers, with plenty of cartridges," said Dick.

"They will be of very little use against that horde. See, the rascals are provided with long spears, and I dare say they have clubs, too," said the captain.

The canoes rapidly vanished beyond their range of vision, and at the same moment the fog disappeared and left the seascape clear.

"Come, Sam, we'll go and watch them," said Dick. "I wonder why they came here?"

"Pray be careful of yourselves," said Nellie anxiously.

"Don't worry about us. You'd better barricade the companionway door, captain, and have the other door in readiness to shut in case of necessity," said Dick. "We may have to beat a hurried retreat. I'll gamble on it if they attack us some of them will never return to their island."

Dick and Sam jumped down on the shore of the cove and vanished into the green shrubbery in the direction the natives were expected to land.

CHAPTER XI.—The Rescue and the Attack.

The boys soon reached a spot where they had a clear view of the beach. The savages were landing and dragging their boats up beyond the water-line. From one of the boats a white man was taken, with his arms bound behind his back, a prisoner, clearly. A dozen armed natives closed in around him and the party started off into the island. The rest busied themselves making fires in a primitive way, and half of them disappeared into the bushes and in a short time began returning with bunches of bananas and loads of bread-fruit. The fires were probably intended to create hot ashes to cook the latter in. As the savages were fully a third of a mile away, and showed no disposition to come in the direction of the cove, Dick and Sam decided to cross the island and see what the bunch with the prisoner in charge intended to do with him. They came up with the bunch near the opposite beach. They had stopped to regale themselves and the white man on bananas, and were just resuming their way. The party headed for the western end of the island and appeared to have some definite object in view. Dick and Sam followed them, taking great care to keep out of their sight. Finally they reached the vicinity where the treasure had been buried. The white man seemed to be leading them to the very spot. Finally the bunch reached the hole which had been left uncovered after the removal of the treasure. Then there was a hullabaloo as they crowded around it and looked into it. Suddenly the white man broke his bonds and made a dash toward the spot where the two boys were concealed. The savages uttered cries of anger and started in pursuit.

"We must try and save him," said Dick, drawing his revolver.

"How can we, against that bunch?" said Sam. "Come, we must run for it."

"Don't be a coward. They'll kill the man if they catch him, as they surely will unless we stop them. We have our guns. We ought to be able to bowl half of them over and that will paralyze them."

The man dashed by without seeing them. The savages were close behind him. With one accord, Dick and Sam began firing. The first two natives fell, with loud cries, and lay squirming on the ground. The others stopped in amazement. The boys continued to fire with steady aim, and the natives were so near that they could not miss their targets. Four more of the savages went down in succession. The rest of the natives uttered howls of terror and took to their heels as fast as they could go down the beach.

"That settles them. The man is saved!" said Dick. "We'll follow him. He was running in the direction of the cove, and is likely to take refuge on the wreck. His presence will strengthen us against any attack the savages may make."

Dick and Sam hustled over to the cove and saw the man climbing on the wreck. He disappeared into the cabin passage before they reached the vessel. They jumped on board and hurried into the cabin, where they found the man talking to the captain, with Nellie a listener. Dick recognized him as the man who had poured the gold from the kegs into the hole on the shore.

"You had a lucky escape," Dick said to him.

"Did you see me in the hands of the savages?" asked the man.

"Yes, and we saw you break loose. We covered your escape, wounded half a dozen of the savages and put the others to flight."

"I heard the shooting, but didn't know what to make of it," said the man. "I had no idea there were any white people on this island."

"Well, there are four of us here, as you can see. We're not here because we want to be, but because we can't help it. Nothing would please us better than to get away."

"I'm afraid we'll all get away quicker than we want to. There are a hundred natives in that party, and they're well armed with weapons to which they are accustomed. The moment they spy this wreck out the whole crowd will be down on us and your revolvers won't be of much account in heading them off," said the man.

This was not a very cheerful outlook, and all hands looked rather blank.

"How came you to be in the hands of those rascals?" asked the captain.

"Well, it's something of a story, and I'd rather not spin the yarn now. One of you boys had better get outside and see what the savages are up to. If you chaps laid out six of the party that had me, as you say, there's going to be some ruction when they rejoin the main body—I mean the ones that escaped your bullets."

Both boys took the hint and went out on deck. They could not see the savages from the wreck, so they went ashore again. When they got to their former place of observation they saw a few of the natives watching the glowing piles of ashes, under which the bread-fruit was baking.

The others were sprawled upon the beach in the sun. Suddenly the survivors of the scrap dashed out from the shrubbery and in a moment they were surrounded by a mob of their companions. From their wild gesticulations it was clear the six were telling about the prisoner's escape and the disastrous ending of their attempt to recapture him. As neither Dick nor Sam had showed themselves while shooting the savages, no doubt they were much worked up over the matter and had no idea who the foe was that had so unexpectedly decimated their ranks. After the six savages had told their story the crowd held a pow-wow. Whatever decision they came to was not immediately apparent. Dinner, being ready, claimed their first attention, and they proceeded to eat it, as if they had nothing more important on the programme.

"I wonder what they intend to do?" asked Sam.

"I give it up. When they get through eating we shall probably learn."

"I wish I could think of some way of doing them up."

"I wish you could, too. I confess I can't."

"If we had a Gatling-gun, how we could make them dance!"

"It is a great word, Sam, but it don't amount to a hill of beans so far as accomplishing anything."

"Can't you think of some way to put those fellows to rout?"

"No. We've only two revolvers, and it's a question how far they'll go."

The boys continued to watch the enemy. It looked like a hopeless task to think of beating them off. At length the natives got ready for action. The whole bunch, with the exception of half a dozen who remained near the canoes, scattered, and the bulk of them dashed into the shrubbery and disappeared. Apparently they were about to make a grand hunt for the fugitive. About a dozen started down the beach toward the cove. These were the chaps they would have to deal with first. Dick and Sam immediately retreated to the wreck and sounded warning of the coming of a small body of the natives. The piece of sail the boys had used to propel the derelict was spread over the skylight and the ends nailed down. The captain armed himself with a hatchet and the stranger, who gave his name as Stroud, picked up a bar of iron. Nellie was relegated to her stateroom and told to lock herself in. The boys stood at the door of the cabin passage, prepared to begin hostilities with their revolvers. In a few minutes the savages reached the cove. The moment they saw the wreck they set up a shout and started for it. They did not suppose there was any one aboard of it. The dozen rascals swarmed on to the deck in no time. Some rushed toward the forecastle, a couple entered the galley, while the rest made a dash for the cabin passage. Dick and Sam stepped forth and opened a deliberate fire on them. Every shot dropped a man and the entire seven were placed hors de combat before they could understand what they were up against. The shooting brought the others back on deck and the greatest confusion took place among them. The boys advanced upon the five and resumed firing. Two fell and the other three bounded off the deck and retreated into the shrubbery. The boys gathered

up the spears and clubs and brought them into the cabin. Then the defending party awaited a further demonstration. Nothing happened for half an hour, and then one side of the cove became alive with savages. The boys, having plenty of ammunition, didn't wait for them to begin an attack, but opened fire. A dozen spears were thrown, and most of them came unpleasantly close to the passage door where the boys stood. The natives, however, couldn't throw their weapons into the passage from the position they occupied. Such a howling and shouting as ensued baffles description, and to them were added the cries of the wounded fellows on deck. Of a sudden the natives made a concerted rush on the vessel. The boys shot two and then were obliged to barricade the door to save themselves. The rascals, finding themselves unopposed, ran riot over the deck and tried to force an entrance into the passage. The door held them back until one fellow broke in a panel with his club. Dick shot him in the breast and he fell in a heap. Sam fired through the hole in the door and laid out two more. A spear was cast through the opening and narrowly missed Dick. A second spear tore a hole through Sam's sleeve. Things were getting warm and the boys were obliged to retreat to the cabin.

CHAPTER XII.—A Desperate Battle.

The savages renewed their attack on the door and smashed a second panel. This exposed them to the fire of the boys and several fell before they drew back out of range. Then a bunch of the rascals began an attack on the other door. Dick rushed over just as a panel was broken in and began shooting into the companionway. The captain and Stroud seconded his efforts by thrusting their spears through the hole and wounding two natives. A third of the natives had either been killed or disabled by this time, and when the rear attack failed they drew off to consider the situation. In the meantime the wind had risen and the sky became suddenly overcast. A storm was evidently brewing. After half an hour's respite a second attack was made by the savages, this time at both doors. Sam defended the passage entrance, while Dick helped the captain and Stroud stand off the rush down the companionway. The most desperate fight was made there, and the stairs speedily became choked with dead and wounded natives, their bodies impeding the efforts of the enemy. A spear-thrust finally put Stroud out of business. The captain received several slight wounds, but Dick escaped, because he was able to keep out of reach of the enemy's weapons. The storm was coming on apace and the cabin became so dark that only when the boys fired could their positions be seen for the moment. The savages had become disheartened over their losses and inability to get at their foes. They withdrew again. Before they had decided on a third attack the storm burst with terrible fury on the island. The rain came down in torrents and the wind swept across the island, like a knife. The savages retreated into the shrubbery and finally to the banana grove, where they cowered in terror. Now that there was no danger of more fighting until the storm had subsided, the captain turned his attention to Stroud.

It was clear that he was in a pretty bad way. He seemed to realize that his finish was in sight, and took the inevitable quite stoically. He wanted to know if the captain's party had discovered the gold buried under the boulder on the shore and how they learned it was there. Dick explained what he had seen the night it was buried, and he asked Stroud who the money belonged to.

"I guess it belongs to you people now that you've got it. That is," he added, with a ghastly grin, "if you manage to escape from the savages."

"But we'd like to know where you men got it," said Dick.

"What difference does it make to you where we got it?" asked the dying man.

"It makes a good deal of difference. If it's stolen money we propose to return it to the rightful owners."

The man grinned incredulously.

"Have you counted it?" he said.

"Yes. It amounts to nearly \$100,000 in American money. We're Americans, that is why we figure it that way."

"And you would return that money if you could find an owner of it?"

"Yes."

"I never heard of such a thing before. I never met a man yet that wouldn't hold on to all he could get without reference to how he got it."

"Then you haven't associated with honest people."

The man made no answer and remained silent for a few minutes. Then he said:

"You can make your mind easy about that money. If you look at the dates on the coins you'll see they are fifty years old. A vessel carrying that specie was lost a long time ago on the island where those savages came from. Me and some friends learned the facts, fitted out a sloop and went hunting for it. We found the spot where the remains of the wreck lay, got busy among the rotten timbers, and found the treasure. We got about half of it aboard the sloop when we were driven away by the savages, who discovered us. We came over here and buried the gold we got and went back for the rest."

"Why did you do that? Why didn't you keep it aboard your sloop?" asked Dick.

"We did it because we judged that our second attempt after the money was going to be more risky than the first, and there was the chance that we might be captured, sloop and all, by the natives. In such a case the rascals would get hold of the money if it was on the sloop."

"What happened?"

"The thing we feared."

"You were all captured?"

"We were, with the sloop. The natives expected we would come back and lay in the ambush. They nabbed us and the jig was up."

"What did they do?"

"They searched the sloop for the money, and not finding it, the chief, who spoke good English, demanded to know where we had put it."

"Did you tell them?"

"I did in the end to save my life. When we refused to tell them anything, they dragged the sloop ashore and broke her up to see if the money was hidden somewhere about her. They were

disappointed, of course. Then they threatened to kill us unless we told them. As Harris, who was in charge of the expedition, believed they would kill us anyway unless we could escape, we refused again. Harris and the kid were taken away and the next day the natives had bakalo."

"Bakalo!"

"A feast of human flesh. They killed Harris and the boy. During the feast Jenkins, the other chap, and me were under guard in a hut. We were told it would be our turn next. We didn't like the prospect, and, making an effort, we got our arms free, strangled the guard at the door and made our escape into the shrubbery. We were pursued, brought to bay and fought for our lives. Jenkins was killed and I was taken back to the hut. Next day there was more bakalo. Then I gave in and told the chief that the gold was buried on this island. He promised me my life, but I didn't take much stock in his promise. However, as it was sure death if I didn't tell, and then the gold would be of no use to me, I gave him the information. He got up the expedition that is now on this island, what is left of it, and brought me along to point out the spot where we buried the gold. I led them to the stone that we put over the hole and, to my surprise and the rage of the chief, the gold was gone—taken by some one. Calculating that my life would be taken on the spot, I made a sudden break to escape, if I could. I reached this derelict and found you people here. Whether you escape the rascals after this storm is over, or are overpowered and captured, I am done for. I can't live more than an hour, if I hold out that long, for I'm growing weaker each minute. When I'm dead, toss me over the stern and let the waves carry me out to sea. I don't want to be eaten by those savages if they get possession of this wreck."

His story had greatly exhausted him, and he lay back breathing heavily with his eyes closed. Dick wanted to ask him one question—about the boy—why he had been blindfolded, that night when the treasure was buried, but refrained, under the circumstances. After all, that didn't matter now. The boy was dead, and the others concerned in the adventure were dead, too. The dying man's story showed that the treasure had no owner, so Dick could do as he pleased with it, that is, if they escaped from the savages. The boys examined their remaining supply of cartridges and found, to their dismay, that they had but few left—not nearly enough to resist another determined attack from the savages after the storm. Probably two-fifths of the invaders had been put out of business, but enough remained to win a dearly bought victory. The captain and the boys talked their prospects over and agreed that they were pretty desperate.

CHAPTER XIII.—Afloat Once More.

The storm waxed fiercer and fiercer as the tide rose to its greatest height. As the tide rose to its greatest height it floated the wreck much higher than usual, owing to its heavy inflow. Those aboard soon became sensible of its dragging power, for as the waves receded they pulled the wreck with it to the extent of the lines that moored it to the

shore. The derelict would fetch up with a shock that made it tremble fore and aft. It began to be a question whether the mooring lines would hold.

"Do you think they will?" Dick asked the captain.

"Do you want them to?" Captain Davis replied.

His words were significant and the boy saw their meaning. On the whole, perhaps it would be better for them to go afloat in the storm than remain where they were to be captured by the savages when they made their next attack. Unless the derelict had suffered through the further opening of her seams during the time she had been lying in the cove she would continue to float in spite of the storm, and when the gale was over they ran a fair show of ultimate rescue by some passing vessel—probably a better show than if they remained on the island without reference to the hostile natives.

"But we may not break adrift," said Dick. "We are pretty strongly moored."

"I have been considering the advisability of cutting ourselves loose. I think it's our only chance to save our lives. We have plenty of provisions aboard, including the large supply of fruit you boys fetched yesterday. We won't be in any danger of starving for a long time, and I am satisfied that the wreck will remain afloat, even in such a storm as this," said the captain.

The dying man heard their talk and opened his eyes.

"Cut loose, by all means, if you think this craft will weather the gale," he said. "You won't stand any chance for your lives if you hang on here. Even if the rascals don't attack you, they'll stay on the island till they get you. You won't dare venture on deck, for they'll keep a sharp watch on you, and they can fling those spears as true as a die. They'll keep you cooped in, thinking to starve you out. There must be sixty or seventy of them left, and you'll never be able to cope with them at any stage of the game. This storm has been your salvation, and you ought to take all the advantage of it you can. If you don't, mark my words, you'll be carried over to the other island and made bakalo of."

"Now is the time to cut loose while the tide is high," said the captain. "We had better lose no time and cut the ropes."

The matter being decided on, the boys removed the braces from the broken door of the passage and found the space outside obstructed by dead and badly wounded savages. They were pushed aside and the captain, with his axe, went forward with a line attached about his waist to save him from being washed overboard on his way back after the wreck had been drawn out of the cove, which she would be in short order as soon as her moorings had been severed. He attached the loose end of the line to the stump of the foremast and then mounted the deck of the fore-castle. A few rapid blows severed the holding lines, the captain acting when the waves shot in, forcing the wreck forward. As he started to retreat, the receding water carried the derelict with it. He released the rope from the foremast and made a dash for the passage. He reached it just as the derelict started to roll in the sea on the edge of the beach. This side of the island was the lee side, the wind coming from the other direction,

across the island, consequently there was no danger that the vessel would go ashore on the beach, but there was a danger they had overlooked in their eagerness to get away, and that was the peril of the surrounding reef. If they hit that, the craft would go to pieces, and they would all be drowned. So they waited in fearful suspense for the possible shock that would mark their finish. The derelict rolled and pitched like a cork in the heavy sea, and was carried further and further from the Isle of Fog.

"We must have passed the barrier by this time," said the captain, after a painful silence. "The reef lay only a short distance from the island."

They had passed it fifteen minutes before, but they could not tell that. The rushing of the sea through the passage into which they had been drawn by a kind of suction, insured their safety. When the moments passed and still no shock came, they felt confident that they had left the reef behind them, and they began to breathe easier. This confidence became a certainty at the end of half an hour. They had barricaded the passage door again to keep out the worst of the sea, but enough water got in to flood the floor of the cabin. Although the wreck tossed and pitched as badly as on the first night the boys were aboard of her, they got along much better, for the swinging lamp relieved the gloom of the cabin, and there was not nearly so much water in the place. They clung to a chair each and managed to pull out pretty well. Stroud died some time before morning was due to break, and the captain announced his end to the lads. The storm had broken by that time and they had left the Isle of Fog far behind. No attempt was made to leave the cabin all morning, the four castaways satisfying their hunger with fruit and potted meats, of which there was still a supply in the pantry, two boxes of the food having been taken out of the lazaretto. The wind went down by degrees and by three o'clock was blowing a stiff breeze. The sea continued high and the wreck was tossed about almost as badly as ever. Dinner was similar to breakfast. The passage door was opened and it was found that all the bodies that had been outside had been washed overboard. The seas were still making a clean sweep of the deck so the door was fastened again. The door on the companionway was opened and eight dead natives were found choking up the place. The captain dragged them up on the poop, one by one, and tossed them into the sea. The door was then locked and nobody thought of going out after that. When dark came the movement of the derelict was easier, and there seemed no doubt but the sea would be fairly smooth next morning. Stroud was prepared for burial that evening. The captain and the boys sewed his body up in a canvas shroud and laid it on the table. Then they turned in for a good night's rest, for they were thoroughly tired out. Morning dawned bright and sunny, with a light sea on and a fair breeze blowing. The last vestige of the late storm had disappeared, and everybody counted on a spell of fine weather. Two more dead natives were found in the fore-castle, where they had managed to crawl during the storm. They were consigned to the deep. The galley fire was lighted and Nellie prepared a pot

of coffee, which was greatly relished at breakfast. The sail was removed from the skylight and put up forward to steady the head of the dory. Then Stroud was solemnly launched overboard, with a weight attached to his feet. After that the party had nothing to do but put in time as best they could. Late in the afternoon land was sighted on the port quarter. They drifted close enough to see that it was an island, in the last rays of the setting sun. Next morning the horizon was clear again, but about noon a sail was seen far to the north. They kept it in sight for two hours, and then it vanished below the horizon. During the next few days they spotted two other vessels, but neither came near enough to do them any good. And so they floated day after day, hoping for the best.

CHAPTER XIV.—End of the Cruise.

When they awoke on the morning of the tenth day they were surprised to see a large, fertile island directly ahead. The dory was slowly drawing in to it. With the binoculars, which the captain had found in his room, he made out an extensive native village, spreading from the shore up an elevation. There was a wharf and other evidence of civilization. A dozen native craft were anchored close in, but no vessel of any size. It was clear that the tide was carrying them straight into the little harbor, and whether they wished to stop there or not, they had no choice. They had a tip-top breakfast that morning, and while they discussed it they talked about the future. Naturally, the gold was an important subject. It was understood that it belonged to Dick, but he promised to divide half of it among his three companions. That would give him a fortune of \$50,000, and the others \$15,000 each. Sam was perfectly satisfied with that amount, for it was more than he ever expected to possess. After breakfast the party took their places on the fore-castle deck to view the native village which could now be easily seen with the naked eye. There was no doubt that the place was largely dominated by civilized methods, and Captain Davis said that they might count on a warm welcome.

It was quite possible that the wreck, low as it lay in the water, had already been made out from the shore. This fact soon became evident when a small fleet of native craft put off to board the dory under the impression, doubtless, that it was deserted, and offered pickings. In half an hour the small boats began swarming alongside, and when the dory occupants saw that there were four white people on deck they began shouting and gesticulating in an excited way. They came alongside, but did not attempt to board. Some of the men could speak English, and the captain opened a conversation with them. He found that the island was called Eua, and was one of the Friendly Group, which lie to the eastward of the Fiji Islands. The boss of the island was a native who was chief of all the natives, as his ancestors had been before him. He was a mere figurehead, as the port was practically ruled by an Englishman named Hoskins, who had a trading house there.

The resident missionary, an Englishman, was also a very important person in local affairs, and his family, with the traders, were the social moguls. A large part of the natives were Christianized, and were very peaceable and well-behaved individuals, as a rule. Vessels brought supplies from Wellington in New Zealand, and from Sydney, Brisbane and other Australian ports. There would be no trouble at all for the castaways to secure a passage to any of the foregoing cities. They might have to wait a week or two for a vessel that was returning more or less direct to Australia or New Zealand, but they would be able to make the trip all right. Most of the facts the party learned after they got ashore, but they found out enough from the natives to satisfy them that their cruise on the dory was at an end. The natives supposed they belonged to the wreck, and were the sole survivors of a marine disaster. The captain, who acted as spokesman, let them think so. Dick and Sam, afterward, at the captain's suggestion, entered a claim for salvage, and their claim was allowed by Hoskins. The natives carried the wreck into the harbor and guided it a short distance up the beach where it was made fast. By that time Hoskins had informed Hoskins of her arrival, and the fact that there were four survivors aboard, and as the head of the little community, he hurried down to the wharf to welcome himself and extend the hospitality of the port.

The party, after securing a quarters from him that nothing would be disturbed on the wreck, accompanied him to his store, which was a part of his dwelling. Here they met his wife and children and other white residents. It was arranged that Captain Davis and his crew should stay with Hoskins as long as they remained on the island, while the boys would continue on board of the dory. As such was their determination on account of the six boxes of gold which were too valuable for them to take chances with. That afternoon they were taken around to the missionary's home and introduced to that gentleman and his family. They were asked to stay to tea and accepted the invitation. At dark the party returned to Hoskins' store, and from there the boys went back to the vessel, which was in charge of one of the chief traders' men, and turned in for the night. About midnight Dick was awakened by a noise in the cabin. He listened and heard somebody prowling around in there. He wasn't sure but it was Sam after a drink of water. He opened his door and looked out. They had left the lamp over the table burning, but turned low. The door of the captain's room was open and somebody was in there. That fact satisfied Dick that Sam was not the person who had made the noise. Dick reached for his revolver, slipped into the cabin and turned on the light. The intruder was startled and kept perfectly quiet. Dick crossed to Sam's room, opened the door and aroused him.

"Get up!" he said.

"What's the matter?" asked Sam sleepily.

"There's a thief aboard. He's in the captain's room. Get up and help me catch him."

Sam tumbled out and pulled his gun from under his pillow. They walked softly over to the large stateroom. Dick struck a match and held it inside the door. Crouching in one corner the

boys saw an ugly-looking native. The man never moved, but eyed the boys in a snaky way. Dick raised his revolver and aimed it at the rascal. The native sprang up and began to jabber in a strange tongue.

"Keep your gun ready and I'll fetch him out," said Dick.

He entered the room as Sam struck a match. The native made a sudden dive past Dick, upset Sam and darted across the cabin for the passage. Dick jumped to the door, took aim at the flying figure and fired. The intruder fell all in a heap with a terrible screech.

CHAPTER XV.—Conclusion.

When the boys reached him they found him squirming and moaning on the floor. Dick's bullet had broken his shoulder blade. The boys put on their clothes and carried the rascal up to Hoskins' store. They woke the trader up and explained the situation. The Englishman had no sympathy for the thief. He called two of his servants and had them take the native to the lockup where he was left in charge of the man who looked after the place. They were not disturbed any more that night, and got up early in the morning. Dick spent part of the day rambling over the neighborhood with Nellie, while Sam and the captain spent their time between the store and the wharf. That evening a party was given in honor of the castaways by Mrs. Hoskins, and they met and had an introduction to all the people of any importance in the village. Parties were given to them by other people on different nights, so that during the following two weeks they enjoyed quite a mild bit of social dissipation. In the meanwhile the wreck was adjudicated, broken up and disposed of. The six boxes of gold were taken to the store and placed in care of Hoskins until the chance presented itself for them to leave the island. At the end of the two weeks a vessel bound for Sydney stopped for a couple of days at the port and Captain Davis arranged for their passage to Australia. Dick had kept out about \$500 worth of the gold, and as English money was the current coin in that locality, they had no difficulty in paying for their transportation in advance, and in providing themselves with all they needed from Hoskins' general store. All their new friends came down to the wharf to see them off and wish them good luck and bon voyage. In due course the bark reached Sydney and they and the gold were landed. They went to a second-class hotel and the gold was taken to one of the banks and exchanged for a draft on a San Francisco bank. They remained nearly three weeks in Sydney, and took in all the sights of any importance, at least Nellie and the boys did, after fitting themselves out in new clothes. The captain engaged passage on the steamship that was to sail for San Francisco, via Yokohama and the Sandwich Islands.

The night before they were to leave, the boys visited a number of free-and-easys—drinking-

houses where entertainment was offered in the shape of singing and instrumental playing by volunteers. In the last one they entered they encountered Bill Hicks, the chap Dick had knocked out in the sailors' boarding house at the head of Meiggs' Wharf, in San Francisco a few hours before he and Sam were drugged and shanghaied. They recognized the man at once, but so greatly changed were the boys that he did not know them. Dick had no desire to refresh his recollection, lest it lead to trouble. Hicks got into a card game at a table and drank freely. As the boys rose to leave a sudden rumpus rose. Hicks accused one of the players of cheating. The man called him a liar. In a moment Hicks yanked out a revolver and would have shot the other only for Dick, who grabbed his arm in time. The gun went off and the ball went through the ceiling. Great excitement ensued. The proprietor sent for an officer and Hicks was arrested. The boys' names were taken down, with their hotel address, as witnesses. When the case was called in court next day Dick and Sam were not on hand to testify as they had been ordered to do. A policeman was sent to the hotel after them, and there he learned that they had sailed on the steamer an hour or two before.

The authorities would have taken them off the steamer if they could have done so, but it was too late to reach them. However, there were other witnesses to testify against Hicks, and the magistrate held him for trial. Subsequently he was convicted and had a taste of British justice. It was a long trip to San Francisco that the castaways had entered on, but they enjoyed it, and Dick found lots of chance to make himself more solid than ever with the captain's daughter, so that when the party finally landed in San Francisco they were practically engaged to each other. They put up at the Occidental Hotel until the captain could make other arrangements for himself and his daughter. When Dick collected his draft he made the division of the money as had been previously agreed upon, and placed his own share in the various big savings banks. Sam did the same with his \$15,000. The captain took a house in the new western addition section of the city, and took Dick and Sam as boarders. Captain Davis and the boys finally went in business together and a year later Dick and Nellie were married. Prior to that event Dick learned that his stepfather had died of heart failure and left his mother mistress of her own actions once more.

We are bound to say that the intelligence gave him no sorrow. On the receipt of the news he returned home to pay his mother a welcome visit, and thus ended his career as a runaway. She received him with open arms, and listened to the story of his adventures through which he had passed during the year he had been away from home. The most astonishing fact of all to her was that he was worth so much money—money which had come to him through the treasure of the Isle of Fog.

Next week's issue will contain "IN THE GAME TO WIN; OR, BEATING THE WALL STREET 'BULLS.'"

CURRENT NEWS

DREAM PROVED TRUE

Its resting place revealed in a dream of a brother, an eight-year-old lad, the body of Roy Tew, drowned in the Arkansas River near Ledwidge, was discovered by Abner Tew.

Roy was picking up driftwood along the river bank and fell into the stream when the bank caved in. His father, Tom Tew, came near losing his life in an attempt to save his son. Neighbors searched for several hours for the body of Roy and it was finally given up as lost.

Next morning his younger brother, Abner, told his parents as soon as he awoke that he had had a dream in which he saw where Roy's body was concealed. The parents paid little attention to the boy, but he insisted so strongly that he was allowed to go and make a search. He walked straight to a log which extended from the river bank and pointed to an object which proved to be the dead boy in the sand, exactly as Abner had described from his dream.

A BULL FIGHT

Two blooded and pedigreed bulls, one St. Mawes II., a Jersey, and the other an equally aristocratic Guernsey, fought a battle royal on the ranch of George Williams, near Tillimook, Ore., a few nights ago which resulted in the death of St. Mawes II. from wounds inflicted by the Guernsey.

The Jersey, it appeared, had been the aggressor. The two animals were quartered separately in a large barn. In the night St. Mawes II. broke out of his quarters and into those of the Guernsey. There was challenge in his voice and his defiance was taken up quickly. Attracted by the clank-clank of heavy horns striking heavier bodies and the enraged bellowing of the animals, the people on the ranch rushed forth in time to see St. Mawes II. hurled to the ground, his body pierced in a dozen places where the horns of the Guernsey had struck him. He soon died of his wounds. The Guernsey's injuries were not serious.

MURDER CONFESSION WRITTEN ON WALL

Charles Guthie, a tile setter, of 83 Truxton street, Brooklyn, N. Y., found this message written on the wall of a building which is being constructed at 1011 East Nineteenth street, Brooklyn:

"I must write my confession before I kill myself, so that whoever reads this should notify the police, because by this time I am dead. I killed Marie Agnor of Manchester, Vt., on June 15, 1920. I cannot live any longer because wherever I go I am haunted. So, kind reader, have pity on me, I am the man, not James Droucher, who killed her. Notify the police so that he may go free. I, Edward Manning of Brooklyn, killed her with a gun that will be found at the tollgate at the road leading to Rutland."

Above the message was a diagram, showing where the gun was hidden. Guthie notified the

police of the Parkville station, who communicated with the authorities at Manchester. The police there said that they had no record of such a murder, but would investigate.

OLD PIGSTY FOUNDATION OF LIBRARY

A reading room and library that can exist in complete independence and probable ignorance that any such person as Andrew Carnegie ever lived is sufficiently unique to command attention. One such not only exists but flourishes in a pigsty in Hartshay, a Derbyshire, England, hamlet, and its beginning possesses many interesting features.

Up to about thirty years ago the men, the sober-minded ones, had no other meeting place in Hartshay after the day's work was done than the bridge over the Cromford and Derby Canal. There they smoked, read the evening paper aloud and talked over current events. This was not a bad rallying place when the weather was warm and fair, but in the winter it was not quite as pleasant. Then, when it rained or was very cold, they walked down the towpath and held their meetings under the bridge.

In the autumn of 1892 one of the members of the little assembly came into undisputed possession of a pigsty, the former occupants of which had been converted into pork. The new owner furnished it with a few boxes for seats and invited his mates to make it their winter headquarters. They jumped at the chance, and thenceforth met nightly in the pigsty.

It was the rudest hovel, barely six feet square, and without windows, so candles were necessary day and night. To enter it was necessary to crawl through the low door on hands and knees. Nevertheless, the former habitues of the canal bridge promptly constituted themselves a society, and drew up rules for the government of Lower Hartshay Reading Room.

Soon a rough table was added; a daily and a weekly newspaper were subscribed for, and in addition to the few books that the members owned, a number were contributed by outsiders. Five nights in the week reading, smoking, games and social intercourse were in order; but Wednesday and Friday evenings were devoted to reading aloud by the best scholar, and the first two books thus read were Carlyle's "French Revolution" and Gibbons' "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

When there were twenty or more members they decided to take the adjoining pigsty. A full sized door was put in; a skylight placed in the roof; rough wooden benches added; also a battered and smoking stove; the walls were whitewashed and book-shelves put up. All the work was done by the members.

Thanks to good financial management, the shelves are now laden with books; otherwise the pigsty library has not been far or improved. Nor is there need of finer surroundings; the men are the thing.

Lost On Mt. Erebus

—OR—

A Boy Explorer At the South Pole

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued)

Also she tried to fix her eyes upon the objects on the horizon's edge which had first aroused her curiosity.

The red sun, like a low ball, nearly opposite, was about to sink again into the rose-gray haze which nearly always hung about the horizon. The mercury, for a wonder, was but ten degrees below freezing. This, on that high Antarctic plain, nearly ten thousand feet above sea level, was in itself remarkable.

It also, though they did not know it, had a most refractory effect upon the vision in that latitude. This she was soon to find out.

A few minutes later she saw Joe stop, pull out his marine glass and look intently at the distant objects which were occasioning so much perplexity to both.

Presently Madge herself brought out her glasses.

"Everything seems to blur," she owned to herself. "I do wonder what it is Joe sees, or thinks he sees——"

"Oh, Madge!" Hawley was calling back over the snow.

"What is it, Joe?" she sang out. "Can you still see them?"

"No. I was only going to ask if you still could."

"I—I—think I can—through my glasses—oh, fudge! They're clean gone again. Come back, Joe. Please do! I believe I'm scared."

The truth was, that the intermingling of distant, moving figures, which had previously been so plain, was now blurring most unaccountably.

Hawley presently came running, with a look of concern upon his face. Once he turned to look back. Then, shaking his head, he resumed his return to where Madge awaited him, filled with an anxiety not less keen, because she was mystified.

"Do you see them still?" called Joe, coming up.

"N-no. They're gone—quite. Let me try my glass again."

Madge looked through her field glasses once more, but her conjecture only deepened.

"I can't see anything now. What could it have been, Joe?"

"That is for me to find out. Ha! The sun is gone. The horizon line is too much for old Sol, down here on the edge of the world."

Hawley spoke with his usual lightness of heart, but he was in truth quite as much perplexed as Madge.

"One thing I noticed, Joe. As long as we saw the sun, we could see those moving figures. Yet I could never tell exactly whether they were moving or not."

"I noticed when I hurried on that the forms began to grow indistinct. Presently I could see nothing."

"Was that when you began to use your field glass?"

"Yes. But why do you ask?"

"That was about the time the sun began to disappear."

"But the sun is in the opposite direction to all this. Stay! I think I have it now. It may be a reflection or a refraction, I hardly know which." Joe was in a deep study.

"A reflection of what?"

"Ah! If you could tell me that, we would soon solve this problem. Say, Madge?"

"Well, Joe, what is it?"

"It isn't possible for any other human beings to be up here on this axle of the earth but ourselves. Come now, is it?"

"It's possible, but not at all probable."

"Say you so?" Hawley was studying, and his look wandered to the distant sled, that now held only the merest necessities, and barely grub enough to carry these two adventurers back to their last cache, a hundred or more miles back on their own trail. To Madge, his rugged face turned of a somber and more anxious hue.

"What are you thinking about, Joe?"

"After all, Madge, those forms did not appear to be going or coming, so much as—as pulling and pushing among themselves."

"That is so. The view we had was extremely confused, and soon got more and more so. Then it disappeared."

"Yes. Disappeared with the sun." Hawley was still in a deep study.

"What on earth are you driving at, Joe?" This anxiously.

"I hardly know myself yet. But I think as soon as we fully verify our record that we have arrived at 90 south, and put up a small flag, and buried some duplicate records that you and I have been here, we better take the back track without delay."

"Yes, I suppose so. But is there reason for so much hurry? Can't we sleep at least one night—on the pole?"

"We could sleep, yes. But if we wait till night, we'd have to wait about three months, then snooze for three or four months more."

"Joe Hawley, I think you would joke if I was dying," pouted Madge, half resentfully.

"I might, if I thought it would revive you. I'm the joker of our little pack, you know. If I fail to joke and you to laugh, where would either of us be?"

"You absurd boy! But I am at your service, sir. If we stay at the pole five minutes or five days—all's one to Madge——"

"Not so, dear girl. We have only four days' grub left on the sled. We must be back to our first cache before that gives out."

This was so self evident that the two were soon busily occupied in doing the things which Hawley mentioned, and in eating at least one meal right "where the axle came through," as Joe laughingly proclaimed.

This was determined by his planting the Stars and Stripes as near to the center of longitude as possible.

(To be continued)

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES.

IOWANS RAID \$52 QUART BOOTLEGGERS

Indignant because of an effort to hold them up for \$52 a quart, and using shot guns to rout an Omaha booze runner from his car, several thirsty Atlantic men seized his entire stock, sixteen quarts.

The Omaha man halted his motor car in the outskirts of the city and advertised his wares by secret code. Prospective purchasers soon arrived but they found his price of \$52 was a quart, and returned to town to hold a consultation on ways and means.

Marshalling reinforcements they again left with two guns for the place where lay the oasis. Hiding in the weeds, they fired into the air and the stranger, evidently believing revenue officers reinforced by United States sharpshooters were on his scent, abandoned car and liquor stock and fled. Then the thirsty divided the liquor and left.

HAWAIIAN NATIVES BECOMING EXTINCT

Hawaii's native race will be extinct in seventy-five years if the ratio of births and deaths set by the official figures for the fiscal years 1919-20 is maintained. This is indicated by the report of Dr. F. E. Trotter, president of the Territorial Board of Health, which shows that during the year the deaths of pure blooded Hawaiians totalled 1,009, while there were 676 births.

There are approximately 25,000 pure blooded Hawaiians living on the Hawaiian Islands, according to estimates. Reports for past years show decreases in their numbers.

In marked contrast with the evidence that the Hawaiians are members of a "dying race" are the vital statistics dealing with those who represent mixtures of Hawaiian with Caucasian and Asiatic blood.

Of the Caucasian-Hawaiians 249 died during the last fiscal year, while there were 699 births in that section of the Territory's population. The Asiatic-Hawaiian strain—principally Chinese-Hawaiian—recorded 103 deaths and 491 births.

The natural increase in the Japanese population of the Territory during the year was 3,366. During the year there were 4,963 births and 1,597 deaths among the Japanese.

THE TOAD HAS HIS USES

Formerly the toad was held to be a venomous reptile, but in our own day its habits have been more carefully observed and its great value to the gardener has been established. Inasmuch as the toad destroys many species of harmful insects we should cultivate its friendship.

Now every tidy housewife detests the cockroach, the mouse and other vermin. Two or three domestic toads, it is said, will keep any premises clear of these. The toad is possessed of a timid and retiring disposition, loving dark corners and shady places, but under kind treatment becomes quite tame.

Many instances might be cited of pet toads remaining several years in a family and doing most valuable services, with no other compensation

than that of immunity from persecution. All that is necessary to secure the cooperation of the toad, indoors or out, is to provide it with cool and safe retreats by day and convenient access to water. It will then go forth to the performance of its nocturnal duty "without money and without price."

In Europe toads are carried to the cities to market and are purchased by the horticulturists, who by their aid are enabled to keep in check the multiplication of the insects that prey upon their fruits, flowers, &c.

There was a wise old toad that lived for more than thirty-six years in a hole beneath the door-step of a French farmhouse. How old it was when first noticed no one could say, but it had probably lived for a long time before familiarity with the sight of man emboldened it to rest tranquilly on the door-step over which persons were constantly passing.

The step became the batrachian's hunting ground, where, with little trouble, it might capture the ants which persisted in crossing and re-crossing it. The toad, hunting for its supper, came to be regarded as one of the sights of the neighborhood, and certainly the skilful manner in which it used its wonderfully formed tongue entitled it to be ranked as an expert among hunters.

For one thing, it showed wonderful skill in judging distance; the tongue was never darted out until the insect came within a certain range. The accuracy of the creature's aim was another matter for surprise. The insects were generally in motion when the tongue was darted against them, but the arrow never failed to hit its mark.

The rapidity with which the tongue was shot forth excited much wonder. The operation is a complex one. The tongue is doubled or rolled up when in the mouth; therefore, a twofold action is required, an uncoiling of the weapon, and then the darting of it forth.

The withdrawing of the tongue, with the captured insect on the top, was not less remarkable. Notwithstanding the rapid motion, the fineness of the tongue tip and the struggles of the prey the victim was never dropped.

The toad was so tame that it might rightly be called domesticated. It would remain quietly in one hand and take its food from the other, provided a leaf was placed on the hand which held it. Without this precaution the warmth of the human hand was evidently annoying and uncomfortable to the chilly little fellow.

Few things seemed to please it more than to be placed on a table in the evening when the lamp was lighted. It would look around with the greatest confidence in its gleaming eye and when insects were placed on the table it snapped them up with even greater rapidity than in its day huntings.

In this way the toad lived for thirty-six years, the pet of the neighborhood. It might have lived many years more had not a tame but spiteful raven pecked out one of its eyes.

MY ADVENTURE WITH PIRATES

By Col. Ralph Fenton.

What induced me to go to sea I can but dimly remember. It is so many years ago and my first voyage was also my last.

Probably it was a somewhat lively imagination fostered by a course of reading, beginning with Robinson Crusoe and winding up rather abruptly with Captain Kidd, which latter volume my highly indignant father snatched from my hand just as I had reached a most thrilling episode, and cremated before my very eyes. However, the mischief was done, and sundry dead cats found hanging suspended from the rafters in the garret by ropes around their necks testified to the blood-thirsty thoughts that ran riot in my brain.

I was dispatched to college, but after a year's stay there was ignominiously expelled for inciting sedition and rebellion among my fellow-students and setting up a rival government of which I was the chief, and, as the first executive act of my short reign, condemning my worthy professor of Greek to death at the block.

I being thus sent home in disgrace, my father began to despair of ever making of me, his only child, an honorable member of society and successor in the tape and measurement business, in which he had accumulated a fortune.

As a last desperate resort our family physician, who, by the way, was a homeopathist, advised him to send me to sea and in search of pirates—on the well-known principle of curing like by like, and I may as well here remark that the remedy was a most effectual one. However, I was at that time in blissful ignorance of the reason of the wise physician's counsel and my delight can be imagined when one morning my father informed me that he had secured for me the appointment of midshipman in the schooner *Nancy Bell*, which was to set sail the next day for the South Sea Islands on a general trading cruise, capturing whatever pirates they conveniently came across on the voyage.

Obtaining from my father a sum which I deemed sufficient for my purpose, I, not without some difficulty, purchased an out-rig, including revolver, cutlasses, short swords, etc.; and thus fully equipped in a manner to strike terror, not only to the soul of the most valiant pirate of the sea, but of everybody else, who must have looked upon me as some escaped lunatic, I proudly strode the deck of the vessel that was to be the scene of my glorious exploits.

But why linger over the fond, tearful parting from my parents; the unalloyed bliss of the first day's voyage out; the utter misery of the succeeding two weeks, when I lay in my hammock, groaning and writhing in all the agonies of seasickness; the surprise that awaited me to find, on my recovery, all my gay garments, my pistols, weapons, powder and ammunition gone, and in their stead a pair of coarse white trousers, a blue navy shirt, a frieze jacket, leather belt and tarpaulin, and a pair of cowhide boots, in all of which I was obliged to array myself; the disgust

that overspread my countenance when informed by the captain, into whose presence I was summoned, that we were not going in search of pirates, and, in fact, would keep out of their way as much as possible; that my duty would chiefly consist in scrubbing the decks, wait on him personally and assist the sailors generally to the best of my ability, and that the slightest show of disobedience and insubordination on my part would be met by summary and condign punishment.

Weeks rolled by. We reached our destination, completed our traffic and with a valuable cargo of gold, spice and ebony wood on board set sail for home. One night I was roused from my sleep in the hammock by the cry of: "Pirates, pirates!"

"At last!" cried I, hastily scrambling into my clothes and rushing on deck. My ardent hopes were doomed to disappointment. When I reached the deck I found the pirate vessel lashed tightly to ours, while my captain was standing on board the strange craft, holding an apparently friendly conversation with a gigantic looking, swarthy-faced, heavily bearded chap, whom I at once put down to be the pirate chief himself.

The consultation was over in a few minutes and then the captain returned with the startling information that the pirate had agreed to accept one-fourth of our cargo as a condition of letting us continue our voyage. This was more than blood and flesh could stand! What! compromise with a rascally cut-throat before a shot had been fired or a blow struck? Shades of Paul Jones and all other maritime heroes forbid! If my captain was so recreant to all sense of duty and glory, I would show that the spirit of American bravery was not extinct in my bosom at least.

I leaped on the pirate's deck, and snatching a cutlass from the hands of a brawny negro, I flashed it before the chieftain's eyes and cried: "Come on, you shag-eared villain, you! I'm Young America, I am, and I'll——"

Before I could finish the sentence I felt myself raised in the air by the muscular negro and unceremoniously pitched into the sea. Down, down I went as in a bottomless abyss. I opened my mouth to scream for help, but only swallowed enough water to suffocate me. Finally consciousness left me. When I awoke I found myself lying on a couch of soft furs spread on the sandy ground of a little cave. A slight sound caused me to turn my head. I noticed what I took at first to be an angel standing beside my couch. A moment's thought convinced me, however, that she was a being of flesh and blood; in fact, a rare and radiant maiden, clad in an oriental costume as gorgeous and magnificent as she was beautiful. I now also observed a matronly looking woman, evidently my bewitching companion's attendant, standing at some distance.

"Senor is awake, Gracios Dios!" murmured the fair unknown in pure Spanish.

"Will senorita please tell me where I am and how I came here?" asked I faintly.

"Senor must not excite himself by talking," said the old lady, replying to my question, much to my chagrin. "The Princess Inez and myself were walking on the beach here two days ago and found your body lying on the shore, where it had

been cast by the waves. We brought you to the cave and restored you to life. That is all."

With these words she somewhat hastily departed with her maid.

The day passed quickly enough, but when the morrow came, contrary to my expectations, it brought no Brigitta, with a second instalment of food and wine and news from her whom I already denominated my heart's queen. On the following morning I was again left alone. I could endure the hunger and suspense no longer. Unarmed as I was, I left the cave and set out for a number of cottages which I beheld some distance inland. I was still rather weak and pale, but I resolutely pushed forward until I reached what I found to be a veritable pirates' village. A building more ambitious looking than the rest attracted my attention. I advanced to the vine-covered porch and boldly rapped at the closed window. Suddenly the wooden shutter was opened and a fairy-like hand, which I instantly recognized as belonging to my princess, was extended to me. I grasped the dainty fingers and gallantly raised them to my lips.

"Flee, senor," I heard Inez whisper. "My father has locked me and Brigitta in the house here. He suspects your presence on the island. Do not linger, but flee for your life!"

"Never, Inez!" cried I impulsively. "I will not leave you immured here like a felon in a cell. Besides, I cannot get off of this infernal island. I shall stay here and die with you and for you!"

"Oh, senor," begged she. "You do not know my father and Sancho. They have gone to search for you along the seashore. You must not return to the cave. Go hide in the woods, and Heaven protect you!"

Again she put out her hand and touched my brow as if to push me away, and at that moment with terrible cries came rushing toward me, saber in hand, the very pirate chief and negro whom I had already once before encountered.

"Diablos!" cried the chief. "So you are the dog whom my daughter cared for in the cave! The brat who dared to defy me to my own face! Ha, ha! Sancho," added he, turning with a grim laugh to the negro, "this youngster is the same chap whom you threw overboard. He wasn't born to be drowned—ha, ha!"

"Yah, yah!" grinned the black fiend. "We mean him, yah, yah!"

Resistance on my part was useless, and, seized by the brawny arms of the negro, I was raised bodily from the ground, and, with Inez's terrible shriek ringing in my ears, carried into the next hut. My prison—for such it proved to be—was entirely destitute of furniture, and being bound hand and foot with a couple of ropes lying near by, I was thrown on the floor and thus addressed by the chief:

"I'll like to cut your throat, you young whelp, but I'll not deprive my people of the pleasure of witnessing your death torments. They're out in their boats now, but they'll be in by sunset, and then we'll roast you alive. We'll do that, Sancho, won't we?"

"Ah, yah," replied the ebon-hued fiend, "we'll do that. It will be glorious fun!"

With that I was left alone, and it may be im-

agined that my thoughts were not of a very pleasant order. As I had become disgusted with the first phase of my maritime adventures, so now I was heartily sick of these latter developments. I wished myself back again in New York, and would gladly have resigned the rainbow-tinted air-castle I had reared since I had seen and known Inez, and taken up any position behind my father's counter. However, wishing did not help matters any, and as soon as daylight waned Sancho came to fetch me to my funeral pyre.

I had sufficiently schooled my features not to betray the agitation I felt, and determined to meet death as became an American.

The bands were removed from my feet but not from my hands, and I was marched out into an open space where there were about two score men and women. I was received with shouts and execrations by the assembled throng and at once led to a pile of wood and brushes which had been erected in the center of the plain.

There was no time left me for prayers or pleadings, if I felt inclined to indulge in any, which I did not; and having been tied to the stake, Sancho took up a flaming torch and was about to apply it to the combustible material by which I was surrounded when the throng was parted and Inez, wild and breathless, came rushing up to me, and throwing her arms around my neck, exclaimed:

"Now, Sancho, light the pine. We will perish together!"

The astonishment into which the pirates were thrown by this incident had not yet been dispelled before another and most unexpected intervention occurred.

"On them. Give them 'Hail Columbia!'"

The command rang out clear and distinct from the surrounding bushes, and the next instant, with many a shout and hurrah, there dashed toward us no others but a detachment of the crew of the *Nancy Bell*, led by my own captain.

The pirates were taken at a decided disadvantage, and before many minutes had elapsed the struggle was over, the villains either dead or wounded, and I and Inez rescued from an imminent and horrible death.

Among the killed were Sancho, the negro, and the pirate chief, the latter confessing before his death that Inez was not his daughter, but an American girl whom he had taken from a captured vessel when she was a child.

When Inez, Brigitta and myself, together with a good part of the pirate's treasure were safely on board the *Nancy Bell* the captain told me that his compromise with the pirate had been but a ruse to disarm the latter's suspicions, and that he had followed him to the island to be able to get the pirates at a disadvantage, in which, as we have seen, he was successful.

It is needless to add that my opinion of the captain underwent a radical change, and ever afterward I was never weary of lauding his bravery and sagacity.

However, I was glad enough to reach home once more, and was entirely cured of my earlier disposition. When I arrived at my majority I became a partner in my father's business and the happy husband of Princess Inez.

Fame and Fortune Weekly

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

TOWN IN DARKNESS FOR MOVIE

Because of a small auxiliary power plan which supplies Lovelock, Nev., with light since the big Nevada Valley's power plant was closed is not sufficiently large to operate lights while the motion picture theatre is using "juice," this place is without lights every night the "movie" is running. Candles and lanterns substitute for the electric illumination.

A WISE DOG

This is a question that has often been asked and written about, and people are not satisfied to answer either way. At Jackson, Miss., a boy named Harmon owned a dog, and because the canine didn't come at his call he was well licked and at once disappeared. In two hours he returned with another dog, and the strange dog at once bit the boy in the leg to punish him. If the boy's dog didn't think and reason, how did he bring such a thing about? He felt that the boy ought to be bitten, but didn't want to do it himself. A good smart dog catches on to things much quicker than a dull boy.

HORSE ROBS BOY

Do not flirt money in the face of a horse, as it is not safe. A twelve-year-old boy was walking along one of the business streets of Bellafonte, Pa., one afternoon with two \$1 bills. A horse was tied at the curb. The boy brushed the bills across the animal's nose. The horse got a whiff of the bills. Then the boy made another pass at the horse with the bills, and the animal opened its mouth and the bills disappeared. The boy was so astounded he hardly realized what had happened for a minute, but when he did he cried: "Whoa," "back up" and all the horse talk he knew, but the horse calmly chewed the bills and swallowed them.

TO TRAP BEAVER FOR THE FUR

Efforts to have the Legislature permit the trapping of beaver for their furs in the Adirondack region are to be made in force this winter by the Guides' Associations, land owners of private preserves and other organizations. It is claimed that

there are enough beaver in the woods country to permit a slaughter of 5,000 for their furs annually without diminishing the supply.

It is proposed to have permits granted to trappers which will authorize the capture of not to exceed three or four members of each beaver family in a dam or on a stream. Where there are several families, as in large overflows and lakes, the number of beaver captured may be restricted to so many per beaver house. In this way, it is claimed, the supply will be kept up without extermination in any locality. Also the number to be taken by any trapper would be restricted to ten or twelve, as in Western states.

It is figured that 5,000 beaver would add from \$50,000 to \$75,000 to the trappers' incomes in the Adirondacks, and sportsmen would be enabled to trap their own overcoat linings. And a good many private preserve owners have caught the forty or fifty mink or muskrat needed to create such a garment, and added a pekan or otter or two for trimming, and caught foxes or marten for the muffs and capes of the mis-us.

The Adirondack region was badly overtrapped the past two years, and practically all the animals, except beaver, are greatly reduced in numbers.

LAUGHS

"Here, waiter, there's a fly in my soup."
"Serves the brute right. He's been buzzin' round here all the mornin'."

General (noticing face powder on soldier's arm)—What does this mean, sir? Soldier—Effects of a pressing engagement, sir!

"What are you crying about, my little man?"
"All my brothers have got a month's holiday and I ain't got none." "Why, that's too bad. How is that?" "Boo-hoo! I don't go to school yet."

"I think I had better get a job before we marry." "Don't be so unromantic, I really. I won't need any clothes for a long, long time." "But you may want to eat almost immediately, my dear."

"Come, Willie," said his mother, "don't be so selfish. Let your little brother play with your marbles a while." "But," protested Willie, "he means to keep them always." "Oh, I guess not." "I guess yes! 'Cause he's swallowed two of them already."

A cowardly fellow, having kicked a news-boy for pestering him to buy an evening newspaper, the lad waited till another boy accosted the "gentleman," and then shouted in the hearing of the bystanders: "It's no use to try him, Jimmie, he can't read."

An Irishman at a fair was poked in the eye with a stick and took proceedings against the offender. Said the magistrate: "Come, now, you don't really believe he meant to put your eye out?" "Faith, you're right, this time," said Pat, "for I believe he tried to put it farther in."

INTERESTING NEWS ARTICLES

FIND PIN STOLEN YEARS AGO

A valuable stickpin, stolen from the late Wilbur Eliason, of Chestertown, Md., forty-six years ago, was recovered by the police of Kansas City, Mo., when found on a prisoner. The pin bears Mr. Eliason's name. The Chief of Police of the Western city wrote to the Chestertown authorities in trying to get a record of the thief. Mr. Eliason was relieved of his valuables while a student at Yale College in 1874.

WOMAN GETS A SHAVE

Shaving a woman customer in Chester, Pa., was a new experience and an unusual one when Showden B. Maslin, a knight of the razor, was called upon to perform the operation.

The barber's first thought was that the woman patron was about to engage his services to trim a youngster's golden tresses. Then he concluded that she must be a book agent, but when she coolly removed her hat and veil and placed them on one of the hat hooks like a "regular feller" and slipped into one of the big chairs, he looked his astonishment.

With the instruction "once over," the woman settled herself for the business in hand.

"Do you really wish to be shaved?" inquired the barber.

"Certainly I do," was the determined answer.

After the operation was completed the woman paid the price, entered an automobile and was driven away.

NEVER WEAR RINGS NEAR MACHINERY

Many people would imagine that the condemnation of harmful luxuries by doctors would happen most frequently in the office with rich patients; but surgeons attached to large industries could tell that neither fines nor thought of others seems able to eradicate the love of finery, says the New York Medical Journal. Three cases of finger or hand crushing have happened recently in laundries owing to rings being worn. The law decrees that all flatiron workers must be equipped with guards in front of the feed rolls to prevent the heads of feeders from being drawn into the rollers, and ringed fingers were found especially dangerous, yet nothing seems able to instill the idea of self-preservation at the small cost of giving up some finery in work hours.

It is not only the girls but the men who sometimes put adornment before safety. Do they realize—just to give one instance—that the rim of a circular saw is moving at the rate of one to two miles a minute? Perhaps not, but the printed warnings against wearing rings or gloves are before their eyes. All the same, smashed fingers and hands appear with horrible frequency, and the public blame the employer for what was in reality contributory negligence on the part of the worker.

STRENUOUS TIMES AFTER CIVIL WAR

The dearth of houses and high rentals are not unprecedented; practically the same situation prevailed following the Civil War, according to

William Shepard of No. 80 Richmond Avenue, Port Richmond, S. I.

"I was then living on the west side of Lafayette Avenue, near Marcy Avenue, Brooklyn, and occupied a three-family brick house," said Mr. Shepard. "The rental was \$250 a year. The landlord served warning that because of the high cost of living he would have to raise the rent to \$600 a year. A friend living on Staten Island advised me to move there and where rents were cheaper. This was in 1866. I did so, renting a two and a half-story frame house on St. Paul's Avenue, Tompkinsville, for \$300 a year. But in those days there were no improvements in dwelling houses. We were obliged to go for our water supply to a pump on the corner.

"A short time ago I saw the house in Brooklyn where I had lived fifty-four years ago. Aside from the installation of modern improvements it was unchanged. "We thought in 1866 that the \$300 I was paying for a year's habitation of the three-story house at Lafayette and Marcy Avenues was a high figure. Before that I had rented three-story brick houses near that spot for \$110 and \$150 a year.

"Following the Civil War, the cost of living increased to double that of normal times. There was then, however, no adulteration or shortweighing of foodstuffs. Prices were higher, but you got the quality in whatever you bought.

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GOOD READING

TERRIER GOES HOME BACKWARD

The remarkable instinct of a fox terrier was again proved when recently a dog of that breed belonging to a Maidstone farmer, in England, found his way home when his head was imprisoned in a drain pipe and so firmly lodged there that he could not release himself.

The terrier disappeared from his home and was gone several days, the farmer and his family meanwhile fearing he had been lost or stolen. Finally the dog, half starved, was seen crawling backwards across a field toward his home, dragging with him the drain pipe in which his head was firmly wedged. It was necessary to break the pipe before the terrier could be released. It is thought that he got trapped in the pipe while pursuing a rabbit.

TOLL OF THE JUNGLE

India still pays its annual tribute of human life to the jungle. In fact, the number of deaths from snake bite or the attacks of wild animals has steadily increased during the last few years, a fact which has been attributed to the great floods. The rising waters have driven the serpents out of the lowlands up into the villages, and have diminished through drowning the natural food supply of the larger wild beasts.

According to the latest annual figures available, 55 persons were killed by elephants, 25 by hyenas, 109 by bears, 351 by leopards, 319 by wolves, 853 by tigers and 688 by other animals, including wild pigs. No less than 22,478 died from the bite of poisonous snakes. The grand total of mortality is 24,878.

The losses on the part of the inhabitants of the jungle were nearly but not quite as great as those of their human enemies and the domesticated animals combined. Ninety-one thousand one hundred and four snakes and over 19,000 wild beasts of various kinds were killed.

A great many cases of snake bite were successfully treated with the Brunton lancet and permanganate of potash, but it is, nevertheless, impossible to assert the value of this treatment, since no one knows whether all, or even a large number, of the cases treated were caused by the bites of really venomous snakes.

FOUGHT BULL BAREHANDED

An exceptional barehanded struggle against an enraged bull ended only when his brother-in-law came to his aid with a rifle, resulted in saving the life of Howard Richardson, thirty-two years old, who, with his wife, resides on the Elias Richardson farm, about four miles east of Vassar, N. Y.

When the animal and other cattle broke into a field on the Richardson farm, Howard Richardson went to drive them out. He was attacked by the enraged bull and thrown to the ground, where the bull proceeded to stamp upon him. Charles Lovejoy, a brother-in-law of Richardson, was passing the house with his family in an auto and witnessed the attack. Lovejoy went to Richardson's assistance while Mrs. Lovejoy ran to the

house and got a rifle. Lovejoy found Richardson prostrate on the ground, with the bull backing off for repeated attacks on the man.

Each rush, however, was met by the attacked man gouging his fingers deep into the animal's eyes, staying the advances to some extent. The gouging tactics on the part of Richardson saved his life, for had the enraged animal reached his victim's chest or head with his hoofs death would have resulted.

Lovejoy was unable to shoot the animal in a vital part for fear of hitting Richardson, but finally managed to put three or four bullets through the bull's thighs, forcing temporary abandonment of the attack. Richardson was immediately lifted over the fence, and, with a few more shots, Lovejoy killed the bull.

Richardson was badly bruised over his entire body, but it is believed that he will recover.

TRAIL OF AN ORANGE CAT

Seventeen men who are in prison or under bail to-day, accused of being implicated in the theft or disposal of \$360,000 worth of German dyes, have only a dingy, emaciated white kitten of disreputable ancestry and habits to thank for their plight. As the kitten is still prowling about the rat coverts and scrap heaps of the Hoboken waterfront, it is unlikely that they ever will have an opportunity to express their gratitude.

The dyes, part of the German indemnity to the United States, were stolen July 9 from a warehouse of the Textile Alliance, Inc., in Hoboken, N. J., where they were in the custody of the government. Two days later the kitten crossed the path of a Federal detective as he lounged despondently near a pier in Hoboken, speculating on the meagre facts then in his possession concerning the dye theft.

The kitten was one to arouse the interest of a naturalist as well as a detective, for among the sombre and squalid stains upon its coat were splotches of vivid orange, of just the shade of some of the stolen dyes. The detective followed the kitten. Catwise, it led him along an erratic and noisome route which ended when it slipped through a cellar window of a lodging-house near the river.

Before it vanished, however, the detectives clipped a bunch of its orange hair. This was analyzed and found to contain substances which identified the coloring matter as of German origin. Thereafter every occupant of the house was watched.

One of them, with two other men, was arrested as he rode in an automobile behind a motor truck containing about \$180,000 worth of German dyes, the arrest taking place just outside Paterson, N. J. Information obtained from these prisoners led to the discovery of about \$60,000 worth of dyes on an abandoned farm in Orange County, and the investigation of the Widder Dye and Chemical Company, 155 Broadway, Brooklyn.

OLD COTTON- WOOD ONCE A HANDSPIKE

At Norris City, Ill., there is a tree known as the "vaulting-pole cottonwood" that has an interesting history which is told by the American Forestry Magazine as follows:

Hosea Pierce and a boy comrade returned from the War of 1812 to their homes, near Norris City, in the spring of 1815, and on Jan. 8 of that year they had helped Gen. Jackson whip the British in the Battle of New Orleans.

These boys both attended a log rolling on the old Pierce farm that spring, and as they were returning to the house after their day's work made a wager who could vault the furthest, using their cottonwood handspikes as vaulting poles. They both left their handspikes sticking in the soft earth where they had vaulted, and during the spring rains of 1815 they both took root and lived.

One of these trees died about ten years ago, but the other is still living and is 105 years old. This tree is about thirty feet in circumference, 175 feet high, with a very large hollow in the base of the tree which has been used as a housing for setting hens, and a kennel for dogs.

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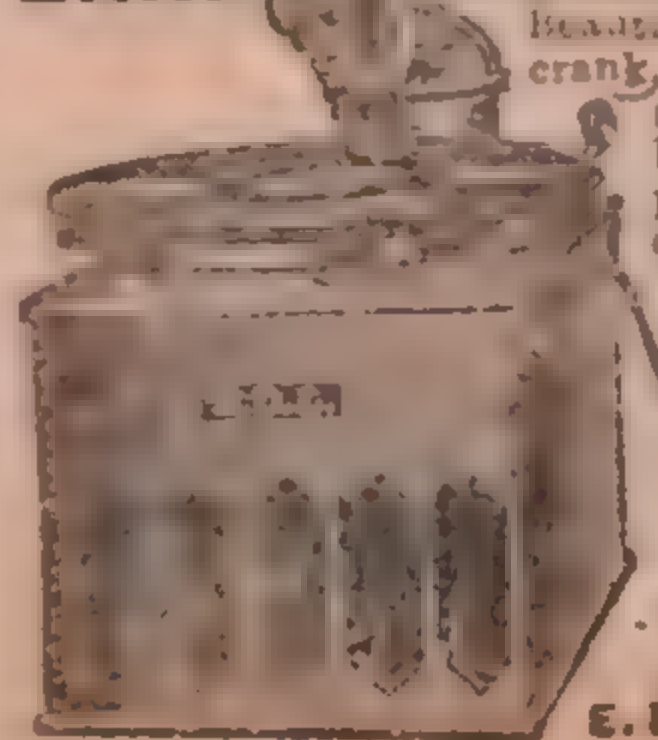
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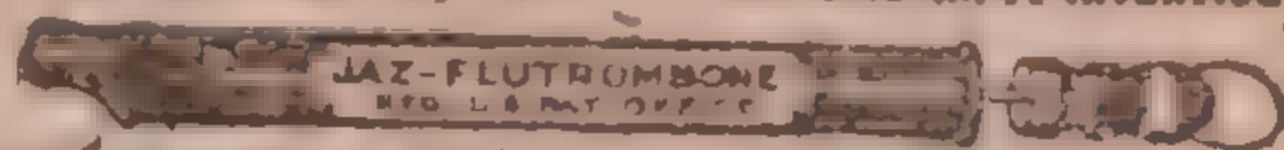
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WHERE OUR FRUITS ORIGINATED

The strawberry, says one of the Government experts, comes from a cross between the native strawberry of Virginia and that of Chile. The raspberry is native in temperate Europe and in Asia. The apricot originated in China. The peach, was originally a Chinese fruit. The cherry originated round the Caspian Sea. The plum comes from the Caucasus and Turkey.

The pear is native in temperate Europe and Western Asia. The quince comes from Southeastern Europe, the Caucasus, and the Caspian region. The apple is native all over Europe, in the Caucasus, round the Black Sea and in Persia. The almond comes from Transcaucasia, Mesopotamia, Persia, Turkestan and Algeria.

The fig seems to have originated round the Mediterranean, particularly in Syria. The grape is native in Southern Europe, Algeria, Morocco and Western Asia. The red currant grows wild all over Europe, in the Caucasus, the Himalayas, Manchuria, Japan and arctic America. The walnut comes from the Caucasus, Persia and northern India.

MOTIVE POWER FROM STRAW

Gas possessing explosive qualities sufficient to drive an automobile and which may also be used for illumination is being produced at the Arlington experimental farm of the Department of Agriculture from the distillation of ordinary field straw. In making this announcement tonight experts of the department added that "the possibilities of straw gas are not yet fully determined."

A special force has been detailed to the Arlington station to continue the tests with various straws and to work out a model plant for the distillation of the gas.

"If a suitable unit can be constructed," the announcement said, "so that the farmers initial cost will be small, it seems likely that straw gas may have a certain economic value in sections of the country where the raw material is now considered as waste and is burned or left to rot on the fields."

Distillation of gas from straw under the process now being used at Arlington, it was said, was first accomplished by George Harrison, a Canadian engineer, in 1914.

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liver, a chance to be free from the mean slavery of nicotine.

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SAY SAINTS WERE KILLED BY DEMONS

The murder and mutilation of three of the seven occupants of a camp of sadhus, or religious mendicants, outside the city of Rawalpindi has been attributed by the masses, Mohammedan as well as Hindu, to supernatural agency, and is reported by the frontier correspondent of the Englishman to have caused the greatest excitement throughout the Rawalpindi, Nowshera, and Peshawar districts, so that for the time being "politics is forgotten altogether."

The term sadhu is derived from a Sanskrit word denoting completeness, and means one who is perfect—a saint or sage. It is commonly used of all Hindu religious mendicants. Clad generally only in a loin-cloth and with his body covered with ashes, the sadhu wanders up and down the country with his begging bowl in hand, and is held in great veneration and awe. Hence there is widespread belief that the crime was not the work of human beings at all, but of rakshahs, or demons, who in the days of the Hindu epics were often seen on earth, and have now returned.

In the morning the bodies of the three sadhus were found tied to trees and terribly mutilated. The surviving four men were cowering around a fire, muttering charms and in a great state of excitement and fear. They are reported to have informed the police that the camp was attacked by a band of men, who selected the three victims and cut them to pieces, warning the others that if they attempted to interfere they would also be killed.

But this did not prevent the rakshah theory gaining ground, and a panic ensued in the city. All business ceased, shops were closed, and houses shuttered and barred. The bolder spirits went down to the scene of the crime to see for themselves, but what they saw only convinced them the more of demoniac agency.

New York judge (to criminal)—"And the sentence of the court is that you be shocked with electricity until you are dead, and may—" Criminal (interrupting)—"That's played out, judge. You can't work that on me." New York judge—"Silence in the court! What's the matter?" Criminal—"Electricity won't shock me, judge. Nothing else, either. I've read 'The Quick or the Dead?'"

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

—LATEST ISSUES—

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- 761 Taking a Big Risk; or, The Dime That Led To Riches.
- 762 Clear Grit; or, The Office Boy Who Made Good.
- 763 Dealing in Stocks; or, Saved by a Wall Street Ticker.
- 764 The Sailor's Secret; or, The Treasure of Dead Man's Rock.
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- 773 Frank Fisk, the Boy Broker; or, Working the Wall Street Stock Market.
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- 780 Charlie Crawford's Claim; or, From High School to Mining Camp.
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